

# The Messenger

Rev Dr E V Gerhart  
31 Dec 78

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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## Poetry.

REV. XXII.

I often think of that city above,  
Whose Builder and Maker is God,  
And wonder if I its glories shall see  
With those long lost and loved.  
Shall I ever see that river of life  
Proceeding out of the throne,  
Or freely take of its waters so pure  
With those whom God calls His own?  
Shall I e'er partake of the heavenly fruit  
That grows on the wonderful tree  
In the street of the city all glorious within,  
Whose leaves "for healing" shall be?  
Shall I the blessed Saviour be near,  
Behold Him face to face?  
Will His glorious name in my forehead appear  
To all in that holy place?  
Shall I ever enter that blessed abode,  
Where the sun is not needed for light,  
Where the Lord our God is the light thereof,  
And there is no darkness or night?  
—Churchman.

## Communications.

For The Messenger.  
**THE PEACE COMMISSION.**

As the time is drawing near, when the members of the Peace Commission are to be elected, it is a matter of some importance, that there should be some understanding as to the number from each side the different Synods are to elect. We presume it would be most satisfactory all round, if the number from each side be the same. If one side has a majority, it may make trouble. It is true, indeed, that no hope of a settlement could be entertained on a basis adopted by a mere majority or party vote; but still it would be best, in our opinion, if each side had an equal representation.

How can such equality be obtained? We give one method. The Eastern Synod, which meets first may appoint five on the one side and one on the other; Potomac, three and one; Pittsburgh Synod, two and none; Ohio Synod, three and one; North-west, four and none; East German Synod, two and none. To make this plain to all readers, it would seem necessary to use names for the two parties, and it is not easy to do that; this, however, we will try to avoid.

	One Tendency.	The Other.
Eastern Synod,	5	1
Potomac Synod,	3	1
Pittsburgh Synod,	2	0
Ohio Synod,	1	3
North-west Synod,	0	4
East German Synod,	0	2
Total,	11	11

Other plans may be proposed. The Pittsburgh Synod and the East German Synod, might each elect one on each side. But the scheme we have given will perhaps be found most satisfactory. Each side may claim a majority on a certain basis. The method of apportionment adopted by the General Synod may seem to be faulty. The Eastern Synod, for instance, has nearly or quite three times the membership that the Potomac or the Ohio Synod has, and yet it has only one-third more representation. But it is

useless now to raise such points. The ratio has been fixed by the General Synod, and no fault should be found, provided the plan is fairly carried out. On the basis of *Classical* representation, not membership, the last General Synod was as nearly as possible equally divided. It would seem, then, that in every point of view an equal representation in the Peace Commission would be fair and right. The representation we have given from the Eastern Synod will be found to be sustained by the proportionate number of ministers on each side, or very nearly so. This proportion can be easily carried out. Let the Eastern Synod elect first, as it will. Then let there be an understanding between the Potomac Synod and the Ohio Synod. The minority in each of these Synods ought to be represented. If, however, this should not be done by the one, it should not be done by the other. If they meet at the same time, the fact could be ascertained by telegraph. This plan will settle the matter of equal representation.

It may be said, that such counting of numbers should not be thought of, that the spirit of love, of mutual confidence, and reconciliation should rule. But while love is a higher principle than right, it takes up into itself the idea of right, and therefore it is not inconsistent with love to look carefully after rights.

We do not anticipate party spirit and party votes in the Commission, but it is well to put aside all temptation in that direction, by equalizing its membership. That will be the safest plan, and no one can object that it is not fair.

The question as to what class of men is to be elected each Synod must determine for itself. Our opinion is, that they ought to be pronounced adherents and supporters of the tendency or side they represent. But this is only an opinion, and some of the Synods may deem it best to select a different class. We presume not to dictate on this point. But writing from the Eastern Synod, where our Church difficulties have chiefly centred, it is our decided conviction, that each tendency should be represented by those who are decided and pronounced in their theological views, so far as this Synod is concerned. We shall not occupy further space in giving our reasons. X.

For the Messenger.  
**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.**

The children of the present day are readers, and this century has been the first to furnish literature for little people. Every holiday season shows us the vast treasures in this department, and adds something to them. But not yet have parents and teachers considered carefully enough what there is for children to read and what is suitable for each child. Just now people are beginning to realize that children are sharp critics, and just as fastidious in their literary tastes as older persons, in fact, that they will not be fed on chaff.

Within the last ten years, the gems of classic writings, both prose and poetry, have been carefully culled out and artistically illustrated for young readers. Not long ago I saw a collection of poetry for the nursery, in which the best lyrics of the language were well arranged and beautifully illustrated. Most of them, as might be supposed, were of dramatic interest, and the whole collection was well calculated to cultivate the poetic taste of the young mind.

But the department of poetry is not the only one, in which persons of the best taste and most critical judgment are engaged in catering to the tastes of the "bairns." Fiction, history, biography, mythology, and science, are all prepared in the most attractive form for the amusement of our wee folk.

The Sunday-school book style of novel is no longer considered nutritious food for young minds, many of whom, with the true instinct of a natural appetite, refuse to read them at all. While they have such writers as Grimm, Anderson, Dickens, Miss Aleott, and a host of others, who have spent a large and valuable portion of their lifetime in the noble work of preparing nutritious and appetizing food for adolescent minds, they will not be satisfied with the dry husks of the sentimentally religious novel so often found in our Sunday-school libraries. By all means children should read novels; but this stimulating food should be partaken of

at the proper time, and with the greatest care possible.

History is made attractive for children, as it should always be for older folk, and its vast stores of ancient lore are open to all, both young and old. So too, with biography, the young are inspired by the deeds of the heroes of all ages, and become personally acquainted with Cicero and Cromwell. Not until very lately has mythology opened its treasures to young readers. But now we have the stories of Greece and Rome, and the Sagas of our northern ancestors in all their beauty and deep significance lying open before us; and Homer and Virgil no longer retain all their mystic lore for the classical student. Science, too, reveals its hidden glories to the inquiring minds of young students, long before they can understand its mysterious symbols or know why chloride of sodium is common salt.

Twenty years ago, fairy tales, wonderful stories of travel, and a few biographies, were the whole literature of children. Now see what a mine of information and culture is open to them.

Now let us consider the important question: What food is most suitable and nourishing for the minds under my care? Here is a child of highly developed imaginative faculties and nervous disposition. What will best cultivate his mind and awaken all his intellectual powers? Let us beware of overstimulating their already distinctly developed characteristics by too much poetry and highly exciting fiction. This child will dream of horrors by night, if he reads them by day; and will see more goblins in a dark room than the most fertile story-teller could invent. History will awaken a more healthy interest in passing events, and science will quicken dormant faculties, and develop his mind more evenly.

Another needs his imaginative powers awakened to a more lively perception; and these are best cultivated by poetry and fiction. Fairy stories will be healthy food for him, and he will still sleep soundly, undisturbed by the terrors which haunt a more excitable child.

Above and outside of these means of mental culture, the moral nature must be made master of all the powers of mind and body. The timid, nervous child, whom the darkness of his bed-chamber fills with immeasurable horror, should be impressed with the idea, that the presence of an all-loving Father fills all space, and consecrates the dreadful shades of the solemn night. The cultivation of the imagination, one of the most precious, and, at the same time, one of the most dangerous faculties which we possess, should be entirely under the guidance of religious principles. The active imaginations of young children need the most skillful guidance at a time when the story of an ignorant nurse may implant a superstition which the years of a whole lifetime will scarcely eradicate.

Even this subject of books for children soon leads us into the depths of that mystery, which is so deep and sacred, and yet so common—the education and training of young souls for the life of the eternal years of the future. J. M. C.

## Selected.

### UNNATURALNESS IN PREACHING.

Sidney Smith tells us: "I went, for the first time in my life, some years ago, to stay at a very grand and beautiful palace in the country, where the grounds are said to be laid out with consummate taste. For the first two or three days I was perfectly enchanted; it seemed something so much better than nature, that I really began to wish that the earth had been laid out according to the latest principles of improvement. In three days' time I was tired to death. A thistle, a nettle, a heap of dead bushes, anything that wore the appearance of accident and want of attention, was quite a relief. I used to escape from the made grounds, and walk upon an adjacent goose common, where the cart ruts, gravel pits, humps, irregularities, coarse, ungentlemanlike grass, and all the varieties produced by neglect, were a thousand times more gratifying than the monotony of beauties the result of design, and crowded into unnatural confines.

Now, this is precisely the result produced

upon most hearers by a too elaborate style of preaching. At first it astonishes, amazes, and delights; but, in the long run, it palls upon the mind, and even wearies the ear. The high art displayed in sentences polished into perfect smoothness is certainly very wonderful, but it, ere long, becomes very wearisome. Men cannot forever look at fireworks nor pass their days among artificial flowers. The preaching which maintains its attractiveness year after year is after the order of nature—original, unaffected and full of spontaneous burst which the laws of rhetoric would scarcely justify. Homely illustrations, a touch of quaintness, a fullness of heart, thorough naturalness, and outspoken manliness, are among the elements which compose a ministry which will wear, and be as interesting at the end of twenty years as at first.—*Spurgeon.*

### THE ROCK OF AGES.\*

(Isaiah xxvi. 4, margin.)

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condor intra tuum latus.  
Tu per lymphae profluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,  
In peccata mi redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,  
Quamvis tota vi laborem,  
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,  
Fletu stillans indefesso,  
Tibi soli tantum munus,—  
Salva me, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,  
Sed me versus crucem gero,  
Vestimenta nudus ero,  
Open debilis implore,  
Fontem Christi quaero immundus;  
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedens Juxta inter nubes,—  
Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condor intra tuum latus.

### RUPES SECLULORUM

BY THE REV. S. F. RAND.

Rupes Seclulorum, in Te.  
Pro me fissa, condam me.  
Aque flumen, sanguinis,  
Scissi tui lateris,  
Scelerum purgatio  
Sit, et expiatio.

Nunquam quoque consequi,  
Tua Lex quae mandat mi;  
Quamvis acer semper sim;  
Atque semper flevit,—  
Hoc nil expleverit;  
In Te solo salus sit.

Nil in manu tulero;  
Tuae cruci inhabeo;  
Nudo vestes, oro, des;  
Destitutum subleves;  
Fonti foedus ad volo;  
Nisi laves, peribo.

Dum vitalem haurio vim,  
Et cum moribundus sim;  
Quam per stellarum evolam—  
Ante tuum thronum stem—  
Rupes Seclulorum, in Te,  
Pro me fissa condam me.

\* We find the above in the *Christian Statesman*, with the remark, that its readers will find in them an illustration of the studies in which the English statesmen employ their spare time. Our American people seem to have a hurried life which admits of no recreations, and if this fault could be corrected it would be well; but the lines will be of interest to many of our ministers, for all that. The translation by Mr. Rand, Mr. Gladstone courteously acknowledges, is more literal than his own.—Ed.

### THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON.

The seventeenth century, according to tradition, of the foundation of the Church of St. Peter-on-Cornhill, in London, was celebrated on July 24, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching in the morning, and Bishop Claughton, Archdeacon of London, in the evening. Although the greater part of the old building was destroyed by the fire of 1666, many interesting relics were saved, says the *London Times*, and may be seen to this day. Here, for instance, is a brass tablet recut from the great fire, and containing the substance of a tradition recorded on one spoken by Holinshed in his *Chronicles* in 1574. From the copy of the original tablet given by Weaver in *Funerall Monuments*, 1631, it appears that Lucius was "the fyrst Christen King of this Lond, then called Brytayne;" and that in "the

yeerys of our Lord God, An. clxxix," he "foundyd the fyrst chyrch in London, that is to sey, the Chyrch of Sent Peter-upon-Cornhyl; and he foundyd then an Archbishop's see, and made that church the Metropolitane and cheef chyrch of this Kindom, and so enduryd the space of cccc. yeerys and more, unto the Commyng of Sent Austen, an Apostyl of Englund," etc., when the Archbishop's "See and Pol" were removed to Canterbury. The parish register, dating from 1538, has just been published by the Harleian Society. Here, too, may be seen a copy of Jerome's *Vulgate*, very beautifully written on fine white vellum, with 150 curious miniature paintings. This was done by a monk in the thirteenth century, and, as appears by the colophon at the end, specially for this church. Lovers of archæology will find much interesting matter concerning the history of the church in a paper read by the rector before the London and Middlesex Archæological Society. The lofty and peculiar oak chancel-screen, designed by Wren's daughter and carved by Poultney and Athew, was yesterday simply decorated with a line of white and red flowers placed along the top of the panel. The prayers were read by the Rev. Richard Whittington the rector. The primate, who took his text from Galatians iii. 28, "For we are all one in Christ"—said that if the doctrine of our union with those who were distant from us in time was brought before us by reading the history of the men of old, it was equally brought before those gathered together on this occasion by the associations which made this church a history in itself.

It was said that this was the oldest church in London, and, at least, it was certain that the building in which they were assembled spoke of the restoration after the fire and of the hand of the master architect to whom London owed so much. The foundations, however, were said to have been there from a time when we could scarcely credit that there was a Christian church in this land. It might or might not be absolutely true, that a British king, embracing Christianity in the end of the second century from Christ, laid the foundations of this church, and made this the metropolitical church of an Archbishopric of the British Church long before the Saxon invasion, and long, indeed, before the establishment of the See of Canterbury by the arrival of Augustine from Italy on these shores; but whether the facts recorded in the tablet still preserved in the vestry of this church were to be received as absolute history or not, the tablet itself carried us back a long time to the reign of Edward IV. There it had stood in spite of the fire, from those days until now, and, therefore, independently of the traditional associations of the early British Church; this church was for them full of associations with the men of old. That there was such a Church long before Rome had any hold on these islands was a fact. The Christianity professed by that Church knew nothing of the mediæval errors which were introduced as time went on. What its degree of purity was it might be difficult or impossible to say, but it was certainly more like our Church of the present day, and the Gospel it proclaimed was more like that Gospel which we maintained as an inheritance, first from the Apostles and afterward from the Reformers, than that form of the Christian faith which spread itself in the Middle Ages over these islands. In alluding to the people who had worshiped on this site in the mediæval ages and through the time of the Reformation, he said, that among the famous citizens of old, one whose name was familiar in every nursery, was connected distinctly with this Church, even if his name were not, almost accidentally, perpetuated in the pastor who now ministers there.

### BE HUMBLE.

If thou art a vessel of gold, and thy brother but of wood, be not high-minded. It is God that maketh thee to differ. The more bounty God shows, the more humility he requires. Those mines that are richest are deepest; those stars that are highest are smallest; the goodliest buildings have the lowest foundations. The more God honoreth men, the more they should humble themselves; the more fruit, the lower the branch on which it grows. Pride is ever the companion of emptiness.



## Family Reading.

## WHERE IS YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT?

Life is teeming with evil snares,  
The gates of sin are wide,  
The rosy fingers of pleasure wave  
And beckon the young inside.  
Man of the world, with open purse,  
Seeking your own delight,  
Pause, ere reason is wholly gone—  
Where is your boy to-night?

Sirens are singing on every hand,  
Luring the ear of youth;  
Gilded falsehood, with silver notes,  
Drowneth the voices of truth.  
Dainty lady in costly robes,  
Your parlors gleam with light,  
Fate and beauty your senses steep—  
Where is your boy to-night?

Tempting whispers of royal spoil  
Flatter the youthful soul  
Eagerly entering into life,  
Restive of all control.  
Needs are many, and duties stern  
Crowd on the weary sight;  
Father, buried in business cares,  
Where is your boy to-night?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery way,  
Vice has a golden gate,  
Who shall guide the unwary feet  
Into the highway straight?  
Patient worker, with willing hand,  
Keeping the home-hearth bright,  
Tired mother, with tender eyes,  
Where is your boy to-night?

Turn his feet from the evil paths  
Ere they have entered in;  
Keep him unspotted while yet ye may,  
Earth is so stained with sin.  
Ere he has learned to follow wrong,  
Teach him to love the right;  
Watch, ere watching is wholly vain—  
Where is your boy to-night?

## A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits—came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew, to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing the table.

"This is unbearable!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh-trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on—

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "O yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again on the paper.

"She made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if no hing more. She

don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question. "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on a table, and sitting down, without speaking began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work on her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

But her husband did not fail to observe that she had lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle-hand ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little toward him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly-spoken answer, and he stooped and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and, leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept silently. What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirits.

"You are good and true, Mary—my own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home,

and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.—*British Workman.*

## CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I passed a florist so absorbed with his "cuttings" that he did not hear my "good morning" till twice spoken. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but you see one must put his whole mind on these young things, if he would have them do well; and I cannot bear that one should die on my hands, for I should almost feel as if I had murdered it by neglect. Young plants need a deal more care than old ones, that are used to storms and blight." Here is a word for us all. Tenderly, patiently, perseveringly, wisely, let us care for the little ones.

## THE ART OF LEAVING.

It is Disraeli who in "Lothair" puts into the mouth of Theodora the sentiment that no one should ever say goodbye, but in departing should fade away like a Summer cloud. We have often been constrained to wonder whether the Earl of Beaconsfield wrote this after an interview with a friend who understood not the art of leaving. For in the narrowest and choicest circle of friends and acquaintances there are usually some persons whose visits or calls, whether of business or pleasure, are marred by the fact that they do not seem to know how to go.

Schiller wrote to Goethe concerning the visit of Madame de Stael to the Court of Weimar, "She ought to know when it is time to go;" and from what we learn of that good lady's departure we infer that at the time of her going she still further bored the great poet by her tedious farewells. For when a friend departs we are either glad, sorry, or indifferent. If we are glad, we desire to be brief; if we are sorry, the quicker the painful scene is ended the better; if we are indifferent, we grudge the draft upon our time, if we are busy with the pressing affairs of life, as the most of us are.

The art of leaving is less understood by women than by men. The habits of business, the recognized fact that to a business man time is money, the throng and press and practices of business life, all tend to make men the best possible exemplars of the fine art of leaving, and leaving at once. A business man's call is usually a model of good manners in this respect. When he has said what he has to say, he takes his hat, says "Good evening," and is out of your presence, without giving any time or chance for the too often tedious and embarrassing commonplaces of mutual invitations to call, which seem to be a kind of necessary social formula.

In striking contrast to this neat and skillful method of cutting short an interview, is the too common social practice of visitors, who, commencing to leave, seem temporarily to abandon the purpose and then follow it up by a number of unsuccessful attempts to accomplish their intention; as though it were a kind of compliment to the person visited to appear loth to part company. Who cannot at once recall the visitor who starts, then thinks of something else to say; rises, and thinks of another subject of conversation; gets nearly to the door and receives another revelation; reaches the door, and most probably holding it open, is aroused to a degree of mental brilliancy that threatens his own health and that of his host by long detaining both in a cold draft while he discourses? What a tax on the patience and politeness of the listener, who vainly strives by assenting instantly to every proposition, to end the interview and break the restraining bond of polite attention!

Occasionally, indeed, business men and business hours are robbed of work and expediency by the advent of the visitor who lingers. The busy lawyer, having been made the recipient of the confidence of his client, not unfrequently finds that, business attended to, his ear is made prisoner by the parting remarks, discussions and observations of his unsophisticated patron. The editor who has in an unguarded moment accepted an article from a new contributor, may deem himself fortunate, and judge the contributor to be possessed of rare good sense, if his act does not procure for him a lingering interview.

Ministers are perhaps the most imposed on of all classes by visitors of this sort; and few have the courage or confidence to inquire of a caller, as was the custom of a celebrated archbishop, "Have you anything more to say to me?" and on receiving a negative answer, to reply "Well, I have nothing more to say to you; let us be about the Lord's business. Good evening."

The speaker who ends his address suddenly, while the interest of his audience is at full, without any "lastly," "finally," "in conclusion," or "one word more," always leaves the best impression, and the caller or visitor, whether

on business or pleasure, departing leaves behind him a grateful sense of relief and good will, who understands and practices with skill and expedition the fine art of leaving.—*St. Louis Evening Post.*

## IF ONLY MOTHER KNEW.

If only mothers knew, she said,  
How hungry children are for love,  
Above each virgin little bed  
A mother's lips would prove  
How sweet are kisses that are given  
Between a rosy mouth and heaven.

If only my mamma would kneel,  
As your dear mother, every night,  
Beside her little girl, to feel  
If all the wraps are folded tight,  
And hold my hands, her elbow fair  
Between my cheeks and her's,

And looking in my dreaming eyes  
As if she saw some lovely thing,  
And smiling in such fond surprise  
On all my hopes of life, that spring  
Like flowers beneath her tender gaze,  
I could not stray in evil ways.

I would not wound the gentle breast  
That held me warm within its fold;  
My mother's love would still be best,  
However sad, or plain, or old;  
And, even though the world forsake,  
I'd love her for her love's dear sake.

## YELLOW JACK'S VAGARIES.

Many years have passed since the revolted negroes of Hayti drank the health, in grim plesantry, of "their good friend and ally, General Yellow Fever," whose ravages had reduced the French invaders from 35,000 to 7,000 in a single summer. But the scourge is still as formidable as ever, and not less capricious than formidable. At the Brazilian port of Pernambuco, in 1872, the ships in the harbor were throwing their dead overboard by dozens, while the town itself was almost untouched. At Rio de Janeiro, a few years later, many residents remained in the city with impunity throughout the whole of the sickly season, while numbers of those who had fled died soon after their return. A cabin-boy on a bark in the roadstead of Bahia was twice left the sole survivor of the crew, and remained for days in the corpse-peopled ship unhurt. But, despite these singular cases, the recent experience of Jamaica shows that the best safeguard against the pest is scrupulous cleanliness.

## A CHILD VOYAGER.

Children furnish more than one-half of the world's purest joys, their beautiful deeds breaking in upon us oftentimes as delightful surprises; and stupid would we be if we failed to be roused from life's torpor by their presence, their needs, and their expression of them. As we stepped upon the platform of the cars on our way west in the middle of the night, we heard a man say, "Here is a little girl all alone. Will not somebody take care of her?" Somebody responded, and we thought no more of it until next day when we had dropped our "sleeper," and entering one of the other cars, we saw the sweetest little child-form we ever looked upon, fast asleep, so soundly sleeping as not to even be heard in breathing. Such a head of dark brown hair, lying all loose over her shoulders, back and face, we never beheld; features as if the choice of an artist from a thousand beauties; her long, dark eye-lashes lay across the openings into a world of beauty, and her form was in beautiful adaptation to the ideal of her face. We could hardly wait for her to wake, for we felt sure she was the lonely child of whom we had heard the night before, and were impatient for the history of this interesting but solitary voyager across the earth. After a while the conductor stood over her, as if drawn by her beauty and innocence. He seemed to be shrinking from waking her, as if she was an angel, whose repose it would have been irreverent to disturb. Said he, "Whose child is this?" No one could tell. He turned away and went on gathering up his tickets. When he had finished he came back, and she was awake. He stooped and said: "Whose little girl are you?" "Mamma's," said she, looking up trustfully in his face.

"Where is your mamma? Show me who she is."

Said she gently, "Mamma is not on the cars, she is in heaven."

The gentlemanly conductor grew more intently anxious, and said:

"But you have a father aboard?"

"No, sir; my father is in heaven a long time ago. When I was a little baby he was in the army. Mamma used to tell me about him. She called him her poor soldier boy."

"And where did your papa and mamma live?"

"In Ireland, sir," speaking more gently, as if not right sure it was best to tell him.

"Where did you come from, my little darling?"

"From the same place, sir."

"Not from Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who came with you?"

"Nobody, sir, but God. He kept me on the sea when it was awful stormy, and I was so sick I thought I would die."

The conductor, in surprise, said, "You did not come all the way from Ireland by yourself?"

"Yes, sir; God was with me; my auntie prayed for me, and told God to take care of me on the fore-castle of the ship; and she kissed me and said, 'Precious pet, don't be afraid, for God has told me that He is going with you all the way;' and some people on the deck took me and made me sleep by them until I got to New York, and then they took me to the railroad station, and a nice old gentleman, with white beard, and my ticket. Here it is, sir,"—opening a queer old-fashioned Irish carpet-sack, and pulling out a woolen petticoat and putting her little hand into the pocket, took out a little pocket-book, tied with a soiled piece of linen tape,—"here it is; he gave it to me, and told me not to be afraid, because the people would all be kind to a little stranger orphan girl. And he said when I wanted anything to ask the man with the band on his hat. Are you the man?"

"Yes; what do you want, my little pet?"

"I want you to take care of me, if you please."

"I will, indeed. I had a little girl about as large as you, but she died."

"She is in heaven, ain't she? She will see my papa and mamma; won't she?"

He said, "I hope so," and turned away.

By this time a half dozen men had gathered about the child, no woman happening to be in the cars, else that woman's heart would have been broken. The men were all rough, good-hearted souls, and all seemed to be filigree to do something for this strange, beautiful child. One turned up a tag which was fastened to a ribbon around her neck, and on it was written:

"Effie Mc—, of Ireland; aged seven years; is on her way to her aunt, Mrs. Mc—, Fort Kearney, United States of America. Kind friends, be good to this child. She was her mother's darling, who died the 11th day of December, 1878. This poor child is all that is left of the family, and her friends are sending her to her aunt's, at Fort Kearney."

One rough-looking man asked her if she had anything to eat, to which she replied by showing him some little sweet cakes, and said, "Do you think these will be enough until I get to auntie's?" He replied, "Give me your reticule," and, opening it, commenced filling it out of his well-stored basket. Others brought in their supplies, until there was more than the child could well carry. An old gentleman, about eighty years of age, said he would take care of her as far as Kansas City; a black man said he had nothing to give her to eat, so he gave her a half-dollar. . . . She became more and more a theme of interest for hundreds of miles, until we seemed to have forgotten the space, when the cry, "East St. Louis!" startled us, and revealed the fact that to some of us at least the journey had ended. We parted from this dear child in tenderness and with prayers, for she was fast asleep, with her little Testament, which she could read, in her pale hand. All were the better for her presence; all regretted that she could not journey on with them along the way of life.—*Presbyterian.*

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

SWEET MILK rubbed on the surface of any pastry, before baking, such as biscuit, gems, short-cakes, or even pastry for fruit pies, will make them brown nicely and give them a flaky appearance.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Pare and lay in ice-water half an hour; cut lengthwise into slices nearly half an inch thick, and lay in ice-water ten minutes longer. Wipe each piece dry with a soft cloth, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge with flour. Fry to a delicate brown in sweet lard or butter.

ENAMEL FOR SHIRT BOSOMS, ETC.—Melt together, with gentle heat, one ounce white wax and two ounces spermaceti; prepare in the usual way a sufficient quantity of starch for a dozen shirt bosoms; put into this a piece of enamel the size of a hickory nut. This will give clothes a beautiful polish.

FRUIT SAUCE.—These are all very rich and delicious, for puddings, and, used as a garnish also, they add greatly to the beauty of the pudding when ready for serving. The preserve juice is to be somewhat thickened with corn-starch and boiled; then the fruit thrown in, and all poured over the pudding together. Marmalades and stiff jellies make good garnishes for puddings.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE GIFT OF PEACE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

"O garden, once abloom in purple glow,  
Is thy life hard? Where chill November's blast  
O'er thy haughty lines of corn has passed,  
Bare husks of desolation rustle low.  
Hast nothing left? No future, save of woe?"  
From heaven itself my answer fell at last;  
A silver miracle was quick downcast,  
The silent, swift, white beauty of the snow.  
Faint soul of mine!—so may there fall on thee,  
In thy late autumn some sweet mystery,  
Some whiteness uncontaminated of earth,  
Some peace Divine, whose high, celestial birth  
Is of the starry lands unswept by death,  
Where the eternal spring tide blossometh!

## PRECIOUS BUILDING MATERIAL.

A Roman letter-writer says:—Two striking instances of the wanton destruction of works of art after the fall of the Empire have been obtained in the last days. A few yards from the so-called Temple of Minerva Medica a wall was discovered built with statues. Seven have already been put together, as I mentioned in my last letter. Not far from the same place we are exploring a foundation wall, eight feet square, built with the same materials. The upper strata contain slabs of marble, stripped from pavements and from walls, steps, lintels, thresholds, etc. The middle strata contain columns, pedestals, capitals, all split into fragments. Finally, at the bottom of the wall, statues begin to appear of exquisite workmanship, together with busts, hermæ, bas-reliefs, etc. The stratification of these marbles shows that at the time when the foundation wall was being constructed there was in the neighborhood a shrine, a temple, a fountain or some such monument in good preservation and profusely ornamented. The masons first took advantage of whatever was movable without difficulty, and accordingly we find the statues at the bottom of the trench. Then they put their hands on what was half movable, and this is the reason why columns, capitals, etc., are found in the middle strata. A further want of materials obliged them to attack at last the building itself, its steps, thresholds, etc.

## FAMINE IN INDIA.

Florence Nightingale writes as follows in *Good Words* regarding the Famine Relief Works in India:—

The district officers worked like Englishmen, behaved like Englishmen. All they wanted was a word of encouragement, of sympathy. Here is a young civilian, an assistant collector, and he was only one out of many; he had a famine talent. He has not seen a white face for four months, he has been working night and day, and is only afraid he has not done his best; so modest he cannot think but that he might have done more. The encouraging missionary officer at last reaches the place. A spectre meets him at the station. This is the young civilian; he had been a fine, stalwart young fellow. Now he is a spectre, but still unflagging. No thought has he of leaving his work. England does not know how her sons work in India, twice as much as they do in England; as in England we fondly suppose we work twice as much as human beings in any other part of the world. Another, a young engineer, pays all the people himself on his irrigation relief works, in his strong desire to prevent fraud. But, as a rule, this was impossible; yet fraud was prevented. There may be as much corruption among the petty native officers in Bombay Presidency as elsewhere in India—we cannot trust them, though there are some whom we might trust with gold untold—but they could not be corrupt, there was too much supervision; such constant English superintendence made native peculation impossible. There was too good an organization. Natives are not good at organizing; they cannot even execute an order to the spirit and not to the letter. It is this same difficulty of theirs in connecting what we mean with what we do; they are not elastic; we must give them the letter. As for the wage-paying, the people were placed in rows, and a Briton or a native gentleman saw the money or food given into their hands. No corruption was possible. Every farthing was paid in the presence of a European or a native gentleman. This is a mere glimpse at the Famine Relief Works. The Bombay men worked with a will. More was got out of them than could have been believed possible for flesh and blood. In the relief-houses, where was gratuitous relief for those who could not work, we were obliged to have the children eat not only out of reach but out of sight of the parents, who would snatch the food from the little ones. If the parents kept their eyes fixed upon the children, the children would not eat; no, not even if they had been starving for days. Love of

children died out with the famine. Many, like wild beasts, were always wanting to wander home to die. At first the people had no seventh-day wage. This was disastrous. But we had "special treatment" for the worst cases. The relief was organized after this manner:—First, when they were very low, they might be ordered "special treatment," and many, many were picked up, having wandered about and not applied for relief, mere skeletons, and too far gone for "special treatment" to do any good. "Special treatment" gave any food the doctors ordered that could be had; soup, milk, and the like. But it was most difficult to get milk in some places, even for the starving children, owing to the want of fodder for the milch kine—milch kine no longer, for they were starving too. When a little restored by "special treatment," they were put upon pay with only nominal work; then pay with real work. Then we had the allowance for all children under seven years; these had nothing before. The relief was enough to prevent wasting, but some had private stores of their own. People who came for relief, or were picked up for relief, only when starvation stared them in the face, could not eat or digest the food, even when it was given them, and when it was eatable and digestible. These poor creatures were dying when they came. But it was impossible to pick up all the poor wandering skeletons. In Bengal every village, road, and even by-path could be kept under our eye. In the Deccan hills and jungles this is hopeless. The wandering skeletons would run the risk of death, and the certainty of death, sooner than submit to the simplest system. They would not even go to the relief-camps, where food could be had without work. And if they do not understand us, certainly we do not understand them. One cannot but warmly admire the self-respect, which undoubtedly prevented many from going to the poor-house. And Sir R. Temple himself declared, in March, 1877, "the number on charitable relief is large, indeed, but \* \* I should be glad to see it larger."

## ANTS AT THEIR TOILETS.

The agricultural ant of America, writes the Rev. H. C. McCook in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia," is one of the neatest and tidiest of creatures in her personal habits. Out of the number he had imprisoned for observation, he never saw one remain long in an untidy state. When, after some very active work in digging, little particles of earth would adhere to their bodies, these were at once most carefully removed. The whole body, too, is most thoroughly and frequently cleansed—a duty which is habitually attended to after eating and after sleep. In this duty these ants now and then assist one another, and when a general "washing up" is in progress, it is an exceedingly interesting sight. The ant to whom the friendly office is being administered (the cleansed, she may be called), is leaning over upon one side as we begin the observation. The cleanser (as the other party may be called) is in the act of lifting the fore leg, which is the first which is licked, the cleanser's mouth passing steadily from it up to the body, then over the neck, then the head, the little jaws (mandibles) being at this stage held apart for the more convenient manipulation; from the face the operation passes to the body, along one side, each leg being attended to in succession; then to the other side and the other set of legs. All this while the creature being cleansed is evincing the most intense satisfaction, and in this resembles a family dog when one is scratching the back of his neck; she rolls gently over on her side, sometimes quite over on her back, and presents altogether a picture of ease. The pleasure which these creatures take in being thus "combed" and "sponged," is really enjoyable to the observer. Several times an ant wanting to be cleaned was seen to approach a comrade, kneel down before it, and thrusting forward its head, then drop down and lie there motionless, expressing as plainly as sign language could her desire to be attended to. The ants, when engaged in cleansing their own bodies, have various modes of operating. The fore legs are drawn between the mandibles and also apparently through the lips, and then are passed alternately to the back of the head, and over and down the forehead and face, by a motion which closely resembles that of a cat when cleaning with her paw the corresponding part of her head. The strokes are always made downward, following thus the direction of the hairs. Nothing can surpass the grotesque attitude which the ants assume when cleansing their bodies. Their hind legs are thrown backward and well extended, the middle pair standing nearly straight out, so that the body assumes almost an erect position; the tail is then turned under the body and upward toward the head, which is at the same time bent over and downward. The

body thus forms a letter C. The fore feet now begin the operation, during which they are constantly put into the mouth, from which moisture is conveyed, thus giving a glossy appearance to the body. It is possible that these ants do not devote so much time to their toilets when in a state of nature; it is probable that, as with men, an artificial condition of society gives an inducement to a somewhat larger devotion to their personal appearance.

## SHAKESPEARES ENGLISH WOMEN.

In the great street pageants, it was the beauty and winsomeness of the London ladies, looking on, that nearly drove the foreigners wild. In 1606, upon the entry of the King of Denmark, the chronicler celebrates "the unimaginable number of gallant ladies, beauteous virgins, and other delicate dames, filling the windows of every house with kind aspect." And in 1638, when Cheapside was all alive with the pageant of the entry of the queen mother, "this miserable old queen," as Lilly calls Marie de Medicis (Mr. Farnivall reproduces an old cut of the scene), M. de la Serre does not try to restrain his admiration for the pretty women on view; only the most fecund imagination can represent the content one has in admiring the infinite number of beautiful women, each different from the other, and each distinguished by some sweetness or grace to ravish the heart and take captive one's liberty. No sooner has he determined to yield to than a new object of admiration makes him repent the precipitation of his judgment.

And all other foreigners were in the like "case of 'goneness.'" Kiechel, writing in 1585, says: "Item—the women there are charming, and by nature so mighty pretty as I have scarcely ever beheld, for they do not falsify, paint, or bedaub themselves as in Italy or other places;" yet he confesses (and here is another tradition preserved) "they are somewhat awkward in their style of dress." His second "item" of gratitude is a Netherland custom that pleases him: whenever a foreigner or an inhabitant went to a citizen's house on business or as a guest, he was received by the master, the lady or the daughter, and "welcomed" (as it is termed in their language): "he has a right to take them by the arm and to kiss them, which is the custom of the country; and if any one does not do so, it is regarded and imputed as ignorance and ill-breeding on his part." Even the grave Erasmus, when he visited England fell easily into this pretty practice, and wrote with untheological fervor of the "girls with angel faces," who were "so kind and obliging." "Wherever you come," he says, "you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave you are dismissed with kisses; you return, kisses are repeated. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, you kiss them all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance; in fine, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses"—"a custom," says this reformer, who has not the fear of Stubbes before his eyes, "never to be sufficiently commended."—*July Atlantic*.

## Selections.

Every saint is God's temple, and he who carries his temple about him may go to prayer when he pleases.—*Austin*.

A sleepy Christian is a field without a fence, a city without a watch; he hinders no invaders, he is ruined without resistance.

How miserable is the condition of those men who spend their time as if it were given them, not lent!—*Bishop Hall*.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be manifest.

Dr. Payson, when interrupted by calls in busy moments, or when he would not have desired them, found relief in the thought, which he often expressed, "The man who wants me is the man I want."

Enlightened people laugh at the heathen who twirl a revolving plate on which his prayer is written, and fancies that he has thus done his duty to his god. But thousands of our comfortable, well-fed and benevolently-inclined citizens are doing their charity by machinery. And this is one reason why the silent poor are not reached.—*Times*.

As Brownlow North lay on his deathbed he enjoyed, according to his own confession, "perfect peace." To a bystander he said, "You are young, in good health, and with the prospect of rising in the army; I am dying, but if the Bible is true, and I know it is, I would not change places with you for all the world."

My son, trust not to thy feelings, for whatever they be now, they will quickly be changed toward some other thing. But he that is wise and well-instructed in the Spirit standeth fast upon these changing things; not heeding what he feeleth in himself, or which way the wind of instability bloweth; but that the whole intent of his mind may be to the right and the best end.—*Thomas A. Kempis*.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most

likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*Hannah More*.

Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue so soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet and eyes and lips should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—*Albert Barnes*.

Not as cold as ice, but purer;  
Not as hard as rock, but firmer;  
Not as sharp as steel, but truer,  
In all our dealings with our brothers let us be.

Pride will never melt a proud man;  
Wrath will never calm one angry;  
Scorn will make another scornful;  
But hearts are warmed and won by love and sympathy.

## Science and Art.

CABLE DESTROYED BY GRASS.—At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in Calcutta, says *Chambers' Journal*, a piece of telegraph cable was exhibited, showing that the India-rubber covering had been pierced by grass. The piercing was so complete, and the contact of the grass with the copper ore so perfect, that "dead earth," as it is technically called, was produced and the efficiency of the cable destroyed. The species of the grass, owing to its dried-up condition, could not be determined. It was suggested as a probable explanation, "that the seeds had become attached to the core when under water, and had afterwards germinated when the core was stored."

CURRENTS OF AIR AS AFFECTING HEARING.—Jacques has studied the effect produced by the motion of air in an auditorium upon its acoustic qualities, using for this purpose the Baltimore Academy of Music. Having proved by direct experiment that variations in density in the air transmitting sound not only decrease materially the intensity of the sound, as Tyndall has experimentally shown, but also actually modify its form, and thus give rise to confusion and indistinctness, it naturally followed that in public halls, where such currents of air really exist in abundance, there must be much difficulty from this cause. In the building above referred to the whole supply of fresh air is admitted at the back of the stage, is there warmed, then crosses the stage horizontally, passes through the proscenium, and diagonally upward toward the roof, across the auditorium, in one large current, and goes out partly through the roof, and partly through registers in the gallery ceilings, into a ventilating tower over the chandelier, whose heat is the motive power. About 15,000 cubic feet of air per minute are thus drawn through the house. The acoustic qualities of the house, being exceptionally perfect, are ascribed largely to the condition of the air within it. To test the question, experiments were made by stationing persons in various parts of it during a performance, and asking them simply to note the comparative ease with which the performers could be heard. At various intervals the valves controlling the circulation of air were reversed, so as to produce currents. Almost invariably the testimony was that at times, which proved on comparison to agree with those at which the reversals had taken place, the sound was confused and indistinct, and people all over the house were seen to make an effort as if to listen.—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE FRESCOES FOUND IN A ROMAN PALACE OF THE AUGUSTAN PERIOD.—The discoveries at La Farnesina are assuming unforeseen proportions. Within that noble palace of the time of Augustus room after room is entered day after day, all ornamented by the same masterly hand. Our men have become skilful in removing pictures that the other day they succeeded in bringing safely to their atelier near the Palatine, one of them 144 feet square, 24 feet long, and weighing several tons. It seems as if the Farnesina grounds have been the fields in which the best artists of successive ages have competed for the championship of fresco painting. The names of Raphael, Baldassare, Perazzi, Il Sodoma, Giulio Romano, have been coupled with those grounds. We are now sanguine of adding another name to the wonderful list by discovering that of the artist who painted the Roman house on which Agostino Chigi built his own. Another problem is raised by the present discovery. The floor of the house is but a few feet above the low-water mark of the Tiber, which flows along its side. So trifling is the difference of level that during the month of May the river has overflowed the house and washed the frescoes no less than seven times. The researches of Professors Secchi, Canevari, Betocchi, and others, prove that if there is any difference in the level of the stream between the age of Augustus and the present age, that difference cannot exceed, at any rate, two or three feet. Consequently, we ought to assume as a fact beyond doubt, that since the house was built and the frescoes painted the Tiber must have entered the apartments several thousand times. This cannot possibly be the case, as the paintings are in a wonderful state of preservation. There is one way only of escaping such contradiction. We must suppose that the Tiber in ancient times did not overflow its banks as often and completely as it does now. The astonishment expressed by Horace when he saw the inundation reach the Temple of Vesta and the Regia would not be justified if the event was not of an extraordinary character. With us it is a very common occurrence, the ruins of the temple and of the adjoining Regia being inundated several times a year.—*London Athenæum*.

## Personal.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, according to Labouchere, goes out of French politics and becomes simply a Spanish lady, once allied to a French ruler.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone says:—"For myself I am convinced that the great preparatory agent in coöperation with the Roman Church is the war now so actively waged against belief."

An Italian paper, speaking of the death of Prince Louis, suggests that in well-organized armies an officer charged with a mission has an orderly to attend to his saddle and bridle when he dismounts and mounts.

The ex-Empress Charlotta has improved greatly in health since her removal from Teruener to Bouchant. She has of late been absolutely free from her former painful and distressing attacks of illness. The poor woman has not thrown off her habitual melancholy, but she evidently feels more at ease.

Cardinal Newman says:—"Most men agree in judging that boys, instead of remaining at home, should be under the care of others at a distance. In order to the due formation of their minds, boys need that moral and intellectual culture which school alone can give." But why at a distance from home?

## Books and Periodicals.

HOW TWO GIRLS TRIED FARMING. By Dorothea Alice Shepherd. Illustrated. Idle Hour Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 50 cents. Readers of the *Atlantic* four or five years ago will remember a paper entitled "Two Girls that Tried Farming," founded on the actual experiences of two young ladies that followed the advice of Horace Greeley and "went West," bought a farm, stocked and managed it themselves, and, without help from masculine arms, made the experiment a success. The story was freshly and breezily told, and attracted unusual attention. Readers of an agricultural turn of mind discussed it, newspapers copied it, and editors were written to show from its statements that a new field of labor was now open to women, which should at once be taken advantage of. In fact, few papers of the lighter sort which have found place in the *Atlantic* since its establishment, have been so widely quoted and commented upon, and its appearance in its present form will be welcomed alike by those who have read it and by those who have that pleasure yet to come. The bracing, invigorating air of the West blows through its pages, and to one surfeited with slipshod "summer novels," and longing for something purer, brighter and fresher, the volume will be like a tonic. We commend it heartily to all classes of readers. The author, Ella Farman, Editor of *Wide Awake*, has amplified the original text, and the artist has added to it the attractions of his pencil.

SCRIBNER FOR SEPTEMBER. Considerable educational flavor is attached to the September SCRIBNER by the three essays of the number. 1. Professor Boyesen's interesting illustrated paper on "The University of Rome." 2. Mr. W. C. Brownell's exposition of the unique methods of teaching in "The Art Schools of Philadelphia;" and 3. Professor T. R. Lounsbury's discussion of the arguments for and against "English Spelling Reform,"—the writer taking strong ground in favor of the proposed reform. To balance this element the number contains a large quantity of light summer reading, including the following papers: "Signs and Symbols," by Mr. Frank B. Mayer of Annapolis, including some striking illustrations of old American inn, and one superb engraving by Mr. Cole entitled "Bringing in the Boar's Head;" "My Lord Fairfax, of Virginia," an interesting sketch of the sixth lord and some of his more noted ancestors, by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison; "An American Home on the Amazons," by Mr. Herbert H. Smith,—being an account of the success of Mr. R. J. Rhome's experiments in the cultivation of cane, tobacco, and other Brazilian staples, accompanied with drawings by Mr. Champney; "Sandy Hook," by Mr. George Houghton, with picturesque drawings by Mr. F. S. Church; and a sketch of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, of "Pinafore" fame, by Miss Kate Field, accompanied by a portrait.

This element is largely reinforced by the fiction of the number, which contains much variety of style and incident. The second installment of Mr. Henry James' "Confidence" contains strong contrasts and much cleverness of intrigue. The last installment but one of Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" includes some strong scenes foreshadowing the conclusion. "A Story of the Dry Season," by Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote, strikes a deeper note and exhibits a wider range than her first story, "Friend Barton's 'Confidence'" (published in the July Scribner), which has been received with marked expressions of favor. "The Documents in the Case," a short story by J. B. Matthews and H. C. Bunner, possesses the novel feature of a plot narrated exclusively by a series of documents, exhibiting different styles and types of character.

The poetic contributions are by H. H. Mary Ainge de Vere, Jennie E. T. Dove (with a drawing by Blum), Charles de Kay, David L. Prouditt, William C. Bonaparte Wyse, Esq. Dr. Holland discourses the usual variety of "Topics."

St. Nicholas for SEPTEMBER begins with a large frontispiece, drawn by Addie Leydard, and, near the end, it gives young Louis Napoleon's life-history, with a portrait.

There are eight short stories, all illustrated. First comes "Three Drows and a Crew," a tale of terrible floods and wonderful escapes; then an amusing story of "Bob's Missionary Work." A third tale recounts the excitement and pleasure of "A Run After Swordfish;" another details the mishaps of a girl who persisted in wearing fine winter clothes in the wild places of Florida; a fifth narrates a lively episode of Pennsylvania child-life; another deals with elves and a tender-hearted German girl; yet another describes the bad and good fortunes of a miner's orphans in the great oil-regions; and the eighth, with a comical picture by Hopkins, tells of the triumph of a wise old man who could say "Buttered Pease," in Choctaw.

The Chateau D'Oiron is the title of an illustrated article on the history of the rare and beautiful pottery called "Faience D'Oiron;" "On Wheels," with twelve quaint engravings, gives a concise account of wheeled carriages of all sorts and times; and "The Wholesome Fly," a queer and interesting history is told with the help of two illustrations.

The installments of the two serials—Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and Susan Coolidge's "Eyebright"—are intensely interesting, and make one wonder just how the stories are to be wound up, as they must be, next month.

The September Number of FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE contains more than sixty articles in various departments of literature, illustrated by about seventy-five engravings.

Among the stories are: "Rush and Reaction," by the Rev. William M. Baker, whose sketches of student and clerical life are always exceedingly graphic; "Miss Hildreth;" "Reuben Holmes's Faith;" "Arthur Moreland's Fortune;" and continuations of "Snap's Two Homes," and Hester Stretton's "A Thorny Path." Poetry is well represented by Mrs. Julia C. B. Dorr's "The Difference," Adelaide Stott's "The Ermine," and Marie Merrick's "My Story."

Among the articles of grave character are "A Zuni Legend," by Major A. R. Calhoun; "The Jains of India;" "Lavalette's Escape from Prison," by Godfrey A. Hudson; "Chivalry and Knighthood," by Andrew F. Gordon; and "Tibing Merit," by Clara Dargan Maclean. Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey furnishes a paper on "The Persecutions of the Lollards," the design of which embraces a somewhat exhaustive sketch of the development of the Papal pretensions during the two centuries which elapsed between the death of Innocent III. and the Council of Constance, which brought to a close the great schism in the Catholic Church, when there were rival Popes at Rome and Avignon. It includes sketches of such notable Pontiffs as Gregory IX., Gregory X., Celestine V., and Boniface VIII.

Among the papers of a more strictly religious character are, "The Invalid's Portion;" "Remember," by Thomas A. Hoyt, D. D.; and "A Sunday-school Class in Boston," by Mrs. Sarah R. Bolton. Dr. Deems, the Editor, furnishes a sermon, the theme of which is "Secret Discipleship," and reprints what he had elsewhere written concerning "The Three Poorest Sermons," which he ever heard—all three of which were delivered by himself. He also discourses editorially upon various topics of current interest.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
REV. T. J. BARKLEY,  
REV. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1879.

## MINISTERS' VACATIONS.

All summer long we have been the warm friend of brethren who have enjoyed a vacation. For three years we have been obliged to carry our work with us wherever we went, and were glad to hug a post-office and keep within hailing distance of the press, if we might thereby have a change of air. This year we have not been able to do even that, and we, therefore, feel all the more free to speak for those who have been more fortunate.

The names of those, who go to the sea-shore, or mountain sides, or spend a little time with friends, once a year, are generally heralded by local papers. Some one has suggested that those who have remained at home had better be advertised, as their heroic fidelity to duty is more commendable; but we doubt whether a generous man, kept at his work, by disposition or necessity will be disposed to cavil at those, whose needs and circumstances have been different.

Unfortunately, vacations are often only half enjoyed, because they seem to be begrudged. Many a man leaves home under a kind of semi-protest. He feels like the boy whose mother said, "Now, John, hurry and eat your ice cream; for I am going to whip you when you are done." And then, if he stays away a day beyond the time, he is met, on his return, like the truant urchin to whom the cry is made, "O but you are going to catch it." No one, who has seen a little fellow fearfully passing the paternal, that opens the door for him, and orders him up-stairs for a "dressing," will fail to appreciate the feelings of a pastor, who meets such a reception.

During his absence, he has felt like a woman who has left a sick baby at home, and as he approaches the borders of his parish, fearful lest his church may have been burned and the congregation put to jail, like the Christians at Philippi; it is very comforting to be met by grumblers, who have all sorts of bad news to tell him, with intimations that his absence was the inexcusable cause of all that has taken place. It is hard enough to get to work at any rate; but it is especially discouraging to resume labor with a din about the ears that almost takes away the pleasure had while gone.

As a general thing, the grumblers are those whose attendance upon the services of the sanctuary is very irregular, even when the church is open, and who magnify what is called neglect of duty, when the interests of the congregation give them no concern, if hard work is to be done. They are constitutional fault-finders.

Generally, ministers do not leave their charges when the people are in distress; but if they were to wait until there could be no possibility of sickness, or death, they would have to hold on until the millennium.

But then, the plea is, that ministerial vacations are all wrong. "A man ought to stick to his post." Yet it is often hard to tell to which splinter of the post he is to cling. Sometimes nine-tenths of his people are away, the church is undergoing a much-needed cleansing, and the pastor is expected to stay home as long as any one else, who would go if he could, has to remain. This is an unreasonable exaction.

We often hear it said, that the ministers in olden times never took vacations. We doubt the truth of this. They were probably away from their charges more than pastors of the present day, with this difference, that there was less formality about it, and less disposition on the part

of the people to make objections. Besides, there was less wear and tear on ministers of former times. They may have had larger fields, and traveled more, but the pressure on heart, and nerve, and brain was not near as great as now. The times have changed, and we have changed with them.

There is very little record of some things, but if Bacon's maxim, that the worst times to read about are the best to live in, be true, the ministers of past generations had more restful lives than we have. Pastors were respected; much of their labor was anticipated and helped by family instruction and authority, so that they were not required to wear their lives out by hunting up catechetical classes. The youthful precocity that debated questions of propriety and doctrine with Sunday School teachers, and leads parents, through partiality, to take sides and neutralize ministerial influence, was unknown. And so many other things might be mentioned all going to show, that the wearing attrition which has come upon us in these last days, has so increased the strain, that we may well heed the command of Christ, to come apart and rest a little while.

There may be some lazy ministers afflicting the Church—men who have so little earnestness in their work, that they sit half their time on parsonage steps, gazing listlessly down street, but the honest workers are always improved, if at proper times, and under proper circumstances, the bow has been unstrung.

## A REFLECTION ON CHURCH CHOIRS.

Nobody, except the people in the front pews, and only the few who listen very intently, can hear the tenor when the choir starts out: "When I can read my title clear," singing very distinctly, with his face turned toward the leader at the other end of the organ:

"I've lost the place; I'm in a fix;  
Whatever shall I do?"

And then the leader, in his profoundest bass, replies, in faultless tone and metre:

"The tune is on page ninety-six,  
The words on forty-two."

The above is going the rounds as a pleasantry. We think the outrage, here ridiculed, is less common now than in former days. Even where choirs do the singing of the people by proxy, very few amateur singers would dare to be irreverent or thoughtless enough to perpetrate such frauds upon those engaged in the service of the Most High God. But the quotation may serve as a hint to those, who are wanting in distinct enunciation.

## THE VENERABLE DEAD.

Three aged members of the Reformed Church in this city died in the course of a single week. The first death was that of Dr. George L. Nagle, which took place at his residence, No. 2322 Green Street, on Friday morning, the 15th of August, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He occupied a prominent position in the Dental Profession in this city for many years, from the active duties of which he retired about ten years ago, in consequence of bodily affliction, from which he continued to suffer more or less at intervals, until his death. He was for many years an active and efficient member of the Reformed Church on Race Street below Fourth, and for a long time a member of its Consistory, and for a number of years acted as its Secretary. A few years ago, he transferred his membership to Christ Reformed Church on Green Street, in communion with which he closed his life. His funeral took place on Monday afternoon following his death.

The second death to which we have referred, is that of John G. Alburger, which took place at his residence, No. 405 Franklin Street, on Saturday morning, the 16th of August, in the seventieth year of his age. He died only one day after the death of Dr. Nagle. He was a native of this city, and a life-long member of the Reformed Church on Race Street, in the organization of which his ancestry participated. He was for forty years a member of its corporation, during sixteen years of which he acted as its President. He was one of its most active and efficient members, and ever had the interests of the Church of his

Fathers deeply at heart. For several years past, he has suffered much from bodily affliction, so that his attendance upon the public services of the Church has been more or less interfered with during that period. He was highly esteemed as a citizen, taking a deep interest in all that concerned the prosperity of the community. His funeral took place on the Tuesday afternoon following his death.

The third death we are called upon to record, is that of Professor Christian Schussele, which took place on Thursday morning, August 21st, 1879, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Crump, Merchantville, N. J., to which place he had retired for a season of rest. He was in the fifty-third year of his age. Mr. Schussele was a native of Alsace, Germany, and emigrated to this country about thirty-two years ago. He has been filling a professorship in the Academy of Fine Arts in this city since 1868. He was a highly-distinguished artist, and during his long residence in this city, gathered around him a large circle of friends. His pictures were generally exquisitely drawn, and some of them were of such superior excellence, that they were eagerly sought after by the most careful art collectors. About ten years ago he was afflicted with partial paralysis. Still, since then, though considerably disabled, he attended to the duties of his professorship, in connection with which his services were highly acceptable and most valuable. A violent return of paralysis ended his life. He connected himself with Christ Reformed church, on Green street, during the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Dubbs, in communion with which he closed his life. His funeral took place on the Saturday morning following his death, from his residence in this city, No. 1016 Walnut street. Some further notice of these several deceased, we trust, will be furnished for our columns by other hands.

Thus have three aged members of the Reformed Church of this city been summoned to their reward in the course of one week! Much to our regret, circumstances over which we had no control, prevented us from being present at the funerals of the first two named persons. It would have been esteemed a mournful privilege to have mingled our sympathies with those of their friends on that occasion. Their departure teaches all, and especially such as were more or less their associates during life, the frailty and uncertainty of human life, and strongly admonishes them to prepare for their latter end. May these solemn and earnest lessons be duly heeded and diligently improved by all to whom they are addressed! F.

## THE PEACE COMMISSION.

The enthusiasm that thrilled the General Synod when the paper, suggesting a plan for the settlement of differences in the Church, was submitted, has not been forgotten by those who felt the power of the thought that then captivated every mind, and moved, with a strange, mysterious influence, every heart. The earnest, single-hearted prayers that were then offered, are remembered. The gladness with which the movement was hailed by the Church at large, is a part of the history of the last meeting of the General Synod, and evidence which no one questions, that the right spirit was moving in the hearts of the people.

More than a year has passed since the movement was so auspiciously inaugurated. Time has been given for meditation and prayer, that the Church may be guided to a full realization of the object so earnestly sought and desired. It is, however, not at all probable that old prejudices, antagonisms and animosities have, in every case, been removed. It may even be true, that extremists on both sides have been, and are planning to secure a majority, for their respective parties, in the Commission. This may be done under the plea of superior ability, possessed by some, to understand the questions at issue, or the peculiar fitness of others for the work to be performed. Ability and fitness are certainly needed in those into whose hands the momentous questions to be dealt with, shall come. Wisdom, knowledge, prudence, a correct understanding of the mind of the

Church, and especially a hearty desire to do the Master's will, are essential.

But it should be remembered, that it is not the intention of the General Synod, that the Commission, which will soon be elected, shall revive old antagonisms, and the discussion of subjects upon which so much power has already been expended. The Church wants an expression of her present status—which, we think, has been reached through the controversy, and which all feel is now ended.

And, therefore, any one who would be likely to re-open old sores, or whose antagonism to any doctrine or practice that now obtains in the Church, has induced him to become a leader on either side, should not be chosen on the Commission. Men who have placed themselves on the record as decidedly and unchangeably, doctrinally and personally opposed to other men, can hardly be supposed to be in a condition to settle differences, over which their theological swords have clashed for so many years. The Church has plenty of men, both ministers and laymen, who have not taken, in a public way, at least, any decided stand on either side of the discussions, which have agitated the Church. Many of them are able to grasp the important questions submitted by the General Synod. They are conservatively progressive in doctrine and practice. They understand the mind of the Church. Let the Synods elect men of this class, and there will be very little difficulty in coming to a full understanding of what is needed to harmonize every section of the Church in the work the Lord expects her to perform. B.

## PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND.

One of the best signs of the practical workings of the Church is to be found in the establishment of institutions for the care of the needy. Many denominations have now separate homes for orphans, and some of them have endowed hospitals for the homeless sick. But there are some wants of our humanity, which must, in the nature of the case, come under the care of all, because there would be nothing to justify an expenditure of money, for buildings and teachers in every branch of the Church, to meet particular afflictions which require especial skill and care. Such a case presents itself in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, which has published its forty-sixth Annual Report. This school has not only done great good in itself, but may be called the parent of other schools of the same kind in other States. No one can tell the amount of good it has done for the sightless, who have come to it from people of all sections of the commonwealth and all branches of the Church. It should not be forgotten by those who may wish to contribute to charitable objects. Five years ago, a "Working Home for Blind Men" was opened in West Philadelphia, under its auspices. This is intended to teach trades, by which they may earn livelihoods, to those who are not able to see, and it will at once commend itself to the favorable regard of Christian Philanthropists.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Reformed Church is well represented in the far-famed Cumberland valley. In the section included between Mechanicsburg and the Maryland line, on either side of the Cumberland valley railroad, there are twenty-nine Reformed churches—within an area of about fifty-five miles in length, and averaging about twelve in breadth. The total membership of these churches is, as reported, 2,910, divided into thirteen pastoral charges. The average membership of each charge is 224, and of each congregation, 100. This we regard as a fair showing; not only as indicating the strength of our Church within this territory, but also the proper division of pastoral labor. None of these charges are too large for one minister, according to the usual standard of judgment in such case. Not including the College church in Mercersburg, and the German church in Chambersburg, the largest membership is 337, and the smallest,

110, showing as fair a distribution of pastoral oversight and work as circumstances could, perhaps, admit.

Another thing is noteworthy here, and that is, that the work of the Church in this charming valley has not been of a desultory and aimless character. The complaint has been frequently uttered, and rightly, too, that our Church has been too much in the habit of scattering her forces in the wilderness, instead of plying them in the social and business centres of the land. A great mistake, surely, and decidedly unapostolic. Much better to open up fountains of Christian life in our Jerusalems and Antiochs, etc., and let them send forth their streams of living water into the valleys and deserts beyond. It requires hard forcing to run water up hill, and it will stagnate on the plain, unless moved by a current from above. The Church in the valley has unfolded itself on the right principle. All the most important and parent churches are in the larger towns—as Mechanicsburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, Mercersburg, Greencastle and Waynesboro. All these are centres of large and thriving communities, and in these our Church is well established.

Some comparisons may be in place here. In one of the Eastern Classes, for example, we find that thirteen charges, selected by us at random from the whole number, have an aggregate of 10,000 members, divided into forty congregations—three and a half times more members than are in the thirteen charges of the Cumberland valley. And yet, according to official statistics of last year, the former have contributed but \$1,600 toward benevolent objects, whereas it should have been at least \$2,600 more, according to membership, other things being equal. So also in the same proportion as to local objects. According to the amount contributed by the valley churches,—\$13,758,—that of the others should have been \$47,000, instead of only \$25,534. All this shows plainly, that churches usually grow in the grace of liberality, as well as in general efficiency, in proportion to the amount of pastoral attention which they receive. It is the old story: that a farm is valuable according to the amount and quality of the labor bestowed upon it, rather than the number of acres it contains.

If the wealth of our people—including temporal possessions, intellectual talents and spiritual graces—is to be made available for the Church in the work committed to her, it must be developed by adequate gospel means. And here the solemn injunction of our Saviour is still in force. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." [K.]

## ALMANACS FOR 1880.

We have been for some time engaged on the Almanac for 1880, and expect to have it ready for market early in October next. As announced in the *Christian World* last week, the edition usually circulated from that office will be furnished from Philadelphia. The two editions, the one for circulation in the East and the other for circulation in the West, will use the same calendar pages and other matter common to the whole Church. They will vary only in the imprint and one or two pages. A table will be inserted in a prominent place, showing the difference in time in all the leading places west of Philadelphia. It will be found useful, adapting the Almanac calculations to any longitude, and as all almanac calculations must be made on some one specific meridian only, we have been surprised that something of this kind has not been heretofore found in Almanacs.

The Almanac will be furnished at the lowest possible rates, reduced below those of last year, namely:

1 dozen copies	\$ .60
50 " "	2.35
100 " "	4.50

When sent by mail, twelve cents must be added for each dozen for postage. A specimen copy will be sent on the receipt of eight cents in postage stamps. F.



Notes and Quotes.

Mr. Begg wishes the descendants of the old Scottish Covenanters to celebrate an anniversary by going to the graves of the old soldiers of Cromwell, for prayer and psalm-singing. All well enough, but this Mr. Begg is the iconoclast, who would smash the stained-glass in Presbyterian Church windows, and, had any one else offered the proposition he has made, he would have regarded it as favoring pilgrimages to the shrines of the saints.

We may have called attention before to the fact, that the liquor law of Massachusetts compels tenants to get written permission from landlords, to open bar-rooms and drinking-saloons on rented premises. This seems to be a good law, and has done much good to abate the promiscuous sale of intoxicating drinks. The property is held responsible for damages done, and owners do not care to take the risks of lawsuits that come from the violence of drunken men.

According to an item in the *N. Y. Tribune*, the Rev. Dr. J. D. Fulton proposes to start a people's free Church in a skating rink. In speaking from his pulpit on the subject, he described how "God spoke to" him in regard to the matter, how, as best he could, he "argued the case with God," and how God responded. *The Congregationalist* calls attention to his utterance, not because it is an extreme case, but because it is a fair specimen of a great deal of misleading religious "gush" at the present time. It does not deny that the Almighty has communicated directly with His earthly children in the past, or that He does so occasionally in the present, but it sees no reason, especially in view of Dr. Fulton's well known and frankly admitted anxiety to start such a Church, to suppose that any such special communication has been vouchsafed to him.

**Among the Exchanges.**

This will have all the more force, because it comes from the *Methodist Recorder*:

No more than the blossom is the fruit, is conversion Christianity. To be pardoned is but the initiatory step into the kingdom. The religious life is to follow. To rest satisfied with conversion is to let seed wheat remain unsown. Hunger of life must inevitably overtake the spiritual sluggard. The Church is an organization, not merely to catalogue conversions; (for sinners may be converted without this agency) but the Church is a school for the training of every moral faculty,—a field for the exercise of every spiritual power,—a journey forward in a way that shineth more and more to the perfect day in the heavenly land.

The phrase "getting religion" is scarcely expressive of the change wrought by conversion, and the afterwork of divine grace which keeps the convert busy in doing good. Religion is more than a theory; it is an experience and a practice, touching every relation and every duty of life,—a process of education which blesses soul, mind and body, and makes believers glad and strong. Many souls are reported "converted" from all parts of the Church. Let it be remembered that these are all but as the seeds of a better life. "First the seed, then the blade, then the corn, then the full corn in the ear." The harvest is yet to be garnered.

Dean Stanley said recently:

"The most learned of all the living bishops of England (Dr. Lightfoot) has, with his characteristic moderation and erudition, proved beyond dispute, in a celebrated essay attached to his edition of 'St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians,' that the early constitution of the Apostolic Churches of the first century was not that of a single bishop, but of a body of pastors indifferently styled bishops or presbyters, and that it was not till the very end of the apostolic age that the office which we now call Episcopacy gradually and slowly made its way in the churches of Asia Minor; that Presbytery was not a later growth out of Episcopacy, but that Episcopacy was a later growth out of Presbytery; that the office which the apostles instituted was a kind of rule, not of bishops, but of presbyters; and that even down to the third century presbyters as well as bishops possessed the power of nominating and consecrating bishops."

If this, which we clip from the *Lutheran Observer*, of the 1st inst., be correct, the Methodists are getting "liberal" in some things, which would not have been tolerated years ago:

"At a recent election for directors of the Rehoboth Beach Camp-meeting Association, on the lower Delaware, the directors in favor of admitting dancing on the grounds carried the day. In connection with this result the following statement is made: 'The association is pledged to permit nothing inconsistent with Christian morality as taught by the discipline of the M. E. Church, but the more liberal of the directors say, that this does not necessarily preclude dancing, playing ten-pins, and kindred amusements. Upon one point, however, the directors are firm, and that is, the prohibition of the sale of liquor.'

In regard to one of the popular amusements referred to above the *Independent* says:

"The Saratoga General Assembly cost a hundred thousand dollars. One of its principal acts was the passing of a resolution against dancing. The week after the resolution was promulgated, three of the Presbyterian churches of Brooklyn had pic nics, at which dancing was freely indulged in."

We do not think the principal act of the Presbyterian Assembly was to pass an act against dancing, or that the whole cost of the meeting is to be set over against that one item, but in view of the whole subject, it is evident that certain evils are not to be cured by mere legislation. Some things seem to be like sheep skin and bees-wax as a plaster, "the more you try to pull it off, the more it sticks the faster." We are no advocate of dancing, although, like many other things, it may not be sinful in itself, but if there should be a necessary choice of evils, we would call a coalition less objectionable than some of the vulgar plays, with promiscuous kissing, which have been allowed when dancing was prohibited.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing on the "Sunday Question," says pertinently:

It is a little singular, that one of the ten commandments, concerning the day that "was made for man," should be shuffled about in the free and easy manner that seems to be the fashion of the day. If one part of the decalogue can be amended at man's caprice, why may not the other nine be similarly served when occasion offers? It is the Sabbath question now; perhaps it will be the stealing question next. Let the masses school themselves in the evil rudiments of Sabbath-breaking and they will soon be ready for the communists' free handling of the command which says: "Thou shalt not steal." In a certain sense, the day that was peculiarly "made for man" is partially stolen from a large portion of our fellow-citizens. If we weakly "compromise" on this, and compound the felony, by giving the bad half, in the way of their own choosing, on condition that they will give the good the other half for their religious uses, or, as the *Evening Post* puts it, "give and take," then we need not be surprised in due time to hear this "give and take" principle applied to property in a way that will be delightful to those who have everything to "take" and nothing to "give." It is always perilous to begin to disregard law.

The *Evangelical Messenger* does not like questionable expedients for raising church funds, and thinks that establishments which need such support are of doubtful value. It says:

Coaxing the devil to support the gospel is a modern device. The primitive Church knew nothing of it. When Paul was collecting funds to aid poor saints at Jerusalem, he used no fairs, festivals, "mum sociables," kissing games, or other sanctified snares, to accomplish his object. The Christians paid their own bills, and did not expect Satan to pay for the weapons which they used in warfare against him. When the devil does support a church, he does so in his own interest. He carries on his operations with a full knowledge of the fact, that "a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." For every dollar paid out of his coffers to the Church, he receives full value. Church partnerships with the Evil One never benefit the former, but always the latter. Hands off!

Untold harm comes to the Church by the use of even questionable measures to raise money for the support of God's work. It creates the impression, in the minds of the worldly, that the Church is a kind of parasite, dependent for its existence on the community; that it is a sort of genteel beggar, which it is proper and fashionable to support; that it is an object of charity, or even pity and contempt, which is grateful for the tolerance of the people that let it live. The ungodly regard such churches as are engaged in seeking money, rather than souls, and valuing wealthy members more than poor saints. To stand before the world in this light is humiliating and degrading beyond expression. Such churches ought to be cleansed or closed, cured or killed.

Churches that are doing the Lord's work, and are worth supporting, can be supported without the use of questionable means. Others deserve no support. Let them go down!

W. M. N., writing to the *Press*, from Rome, a few weeks ago, thus speaks about the "Church Question" in that far-famed city:

The great disturbing element, however—the ugliest trouble of all—is the political claim of the Roman Catholic Church. Its relation to Italy is not all a religious one, as in our country, but a definitely political one. It is not even the vexed question of Church and State—it is State or Church. The Roman Catholic sovereignty here claims the temporal dominion of Italy as its right, and is fighting for it to-day by every means in its power. It excommunicated Victor Emmanuel, and would excommunicate King Humbert and the two Chambers of Parliament and all the personnel of government in an hour if it would do any good. It is a political *imperium in imperio*, and a power of such strength and ramifications, that it cannot be struck down without endangering the very structure of society. At this very day the kingdom of Italy is paying to the pope, an active worker for its overthrow, an annual tribute of over \$600,000. Imagine some vast, restless power in our land, which controlled nominally, at least, the religious belief of the entire population; which owned every church building in it, with one or two exceptions, and directed all the worship in them; which had a vast machinery of paid, organized forces, men and women, always at work, and which, entering into every family, north, south, east, and west, and influencing all their members in their most sacred relations, reaching them in the cradle, at school, on the marriage-day, and at the hour of death, was restlessly and avowedly plotting for the overthrow of the government; demanding it as a right, and adjuring all to aid in it as a religious duty; imagine, further, that our people were so superstitiously devoted to this power that the government dare not strike at it, but must pay it a large pension—absolutely furnish it with means to carry on its claims—imagine all this, and you have some idea of the civil situation here, and begin to understand the appalling odds that confronted, and still confront, the leaders for union. They do not even hold their own camp.

THE OPENING OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.

The time of the opening of our different educational institutions is drawing near, and now is the time for their friends to aid in filling them up with students. They are all deserving of the patronage of the Church. Writing from Lancaster we direct attention to the claims and inducements of the institutions located here.

It has already been stated that the expenses in the college have been considerably reduced. Those who obtain the use of scholarships, as most of the students do, will find the expenses for room, board, fuel, light and tuition, reduced to the small sum of \$126.75 per year. Those who may not secure the free use of scholarships can always obtain such use at a reduced sum, say from \$15 to \$20 a year.

The expense in the Academy is somewhat higher, because that institution is not endowed. But the cost there for all expenses, including a furnished room, fuel, light, board and tuition is only \$200 per year, with no extras. That sum is lower than in most institutions of the kind. Should the Academy fill up with students, as it now promises to do, the expense there will also, no doubt, be reduced. This institution is now placed under the care of Rev. James Crawford, who resides with his family in the building, keeps the boarding, and who will have direct oversight over the students. He is provided with experienced assistants. Prof. Kieffer, of the College, will continue his assistance there, having charge of certain studies in the languages, in case of those who are preparing for college. Special efforts will be made also to secure the utmost efficiency in the studies of those who may intend to prepare themselves in a thorough English education, preparatory to business, etc. Care will be taken especially to secure accuracy and thoroughness in elementary studies, such as spelling, penmanship, reading and arithmetic, branches that are only too much neglected in these days, in favor of what are regarded as higher and more ornamental branches.

The College and Academy have advertised pretty extensively this fall, and the effects are already seen in the applications that are coming in, especially for the Academy. Let our pastors and people help the good work along by a little effort in behalf of our literary institutions both here and elsewhere.

**MERCERSBURG FEMALE COLLEGE.**

The reader's attention is invited to the notice of the opening of this institution, found in another column. The institution can be safely commended to those who may have daughters to educate.

**Church News.**

**OUR OWN CHURCH.**

**PITTSBURG SYNOD.**

The licentiate George A. Whitmore was received from the Virginia Classis, by the Clarion Classis, at a special meeting held in St. Mark's church, of St. John's charge, on the 14th of August, 1879. A call from this charge to him was confirmed, and he was ordained to the work of the ministry and installed as pastor of the charge. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. J. B. Thompson. The charge has been vacant more than a year. It has now an under shepherd to watch over and care for the spiritual wants of the people. There is reason to believe the charge will prosper under the efficient labors of the young pastor. The members should all do their duty, and in that case, the charge will enter upon a career of prosperity.

**WESTERN CHURCH.**

The Rev. W. H. Fenneman, of Waterloo, Indiana, has removed to Tiffin, Seneca Co., Ohio. His post-office address is changed accordingly.

**SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.**

The following list of delegates to the approaching meeting of this Synod is made out from the reports of the proceedings of the Classes, as published in the MESSENGER. If any errors have been committed, they will be cheerfully corrected, if pointed out.

**East Pennsylvania Classis.**

Ministers:—S. G. Wagner, I. K. Loos, N. S. Strassburger, H. H. W. Hibbsman, T. C. Porter, and W. R. Hafford, *Primarii*; and M. A. Smith, D. F. Brendle, S. A. Leinbach, J. J. Crist, A. J. G. Dabbs, and B. Weiss, *Secundi*.

Elders:—Thomas Faust, J. J. Hoffman, R. H. Kramm, Owen Romig, A. L. Newhard, and H. J. Young, *Primarii*; and M. T. Mickley, Anthony George, Peter Hackman, David Schwarz, Ezra Raseley, and Wm. Saesaman, *Secundi*.

**Lebanon Classis.**

Ministers:—B. Bausman, G. Wolf, C. F. McCauley, F. W. Kremer, A. S. Leinbach, J. O. Johnson, and C. H. Leinbach, *Primarii*; and H. A. Keyser, J. P. Stein, G. W. Aughubaugh, R. S. Appel, W. F. P. Davis, H. Leisse, and J. Klein, *Secundi*.

Elders:—W. F. Hoffman, D. S. Raber, J. F. Orth, E. L. Kilmer, S. H. Madden, F. B. Nies, and P. Rissler, *Primarii*; and F. B. Stoudt, S. Hartman, J. B. Moore, Simon Winberger, C. Kantner, Jacob Reeser, and Daniel Stein, *Secundi*.

**Philadelphia Classis.**

Ministers:—J. H. Sechler, J. H. A. Bomberger, D. E. Klopp, J. S. Vandersloot, and D. Feete, *Primarii*; and A. S. Zube, S. R. Fisher, G. H. Johnston, H. M. Kieffer, and J. D. Detrich, *Secundi*.

Elders:—W. Brownback, Richard W. Eastlack, Jacob Weikel, W. K. Grosh, and Abraham Schwenk, *Primarii*; and D. McWilliams, Jesse Castner, Joseph Rambo, Jacob Shutt, and David Wanger, *Secundi*.

**Lancaster Classis.**

Ministers:—T. G. Apple, J. A. Peters, E. V. Gerhart, and J. B. Shumaker, *Primarii*; and J. S. Stahr, W. H. H. Snyder, D. B. Shuey, and J. H. Pannebecker, *Secundi*.

Elders:—A. Mader, G. W. Lewis, J. E. Kerschner, and J. W. Kurzenkabe, *Primarii*; and Geo. Mengel, Adam Hersch, Edwin Curzon, and Henry Gast, *Secundi*.

**East Susquehanna Classis.**

Ministers:—W. E. Krebs, J. K. Millet, Z. A. Yearick, and D. O. Shoemaker, *Primarii*; and A. R. Hottenstein, J. B. Kerschner, E. D. Miller, and S. B. Shafer, *Secundi*.

**Elders:—J. S. Weisfort, J. R. Hillbush, J. H. Haas, and T. D. Strauss, Primarii; and E. Derr, J. Hoof, S. C. Schive, and J. W. Kelsey, Secundi.**

**West Susquehanna Classis.**

Ministers:—D. M. Wolf, J. F. De Long, and I. S. Stahr, *Primarii*; and James Crawford, G. P. Hartzell, and W. A. Haas, *Secundi*.

Elders:—Philip Frederick, Jonas Hay, and Carl Volkmer, *Primarii*; and John K. Runkle, Samuel Kryder, and Edward Smith, *Secundi*.

**Goshenhoppen Classis.**

Ministers:—C. Z. Weiser, and L. J. Mayer, *Primarii*; and S. M. K. Huber, and A. L. Dechant, *Secundi*.

Elders:—D. B. Mauger, and T. G. Hange, *Primarii*; and Michael Wanger, and Abraham Sellers, *Secundi*.

**Tohickon Classis.**

Ministers:—J. Kehm, A. B. Koplin, and N. Z. Snyder, *Primarii*; and S. K. Gross, R. L. Gerhart, and G. W. Roth, *Secundi*.

Elders:—Wm. Walters, John H. Afflerbach, and John W. Leidy, *Primarii*; and John A. Morris, H. O. Trumbore, and C. G. Barndt, *Secundi*.

**SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.**

This Synod will hold its next annual sessions in St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa., on the first Wednesday of September, (the 3rd of the month) A. D. 1879, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance is expected on the part of the delegates and others having business with Synod.

SAM'L R. FISHER,  
Philadelphia, Aug. 1st. Stated Clerk.

**RAIL ROAD ARRANGEMENTS.**

Excursion tickets will be issued to persons attending the annual sessions of Synod in Lebanon, Pa., by the Reading Railroad, good from the 2nd to the 14th of September, at the following stations on the main Road and its branches: Philadelphia, Bridgeport, Perkiomen Junction, Phoenixville, Royers Ford, Pottstown, Reading, Port Clinton, Schuylkill Haven, Pottsville, Allentown, Topton, Womelsdorf, Meyerstown, Annville, Palmyra, Hummelstown, Harrisburg, Columbia, Lancaster, Manheim, Litiz, Ephrata, Quarryville, New Providence, Tremont, Jonestown, Port Carbon, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Williamsport, Montourville, Milton, Danville, Rupert and Catawissa.

S. R. F.

**SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.**

Delegates and others, who expect to attend the sessions of the Synod, to be held at Lebanon, on September 3, will please report at St. John's Reformed Church, on their arrival, where places will be assigned for their entertainment. No other notices will be given. The committee will be in session at the church on the arrival of the different trains, to attend to their duties.

T. S. JOHNSTON,  
F. W. KREMER.

**NOTICE.**

Iowa Classis meets in annual session at Columbus Junction, Louisa Co., Iowa, Sept. 24, 1879, at 7½ P. M. The Sunday School Convention, under the auspices of Iowa Classis, meets at St. Paul's church, Louisa Co., Iowa, Sept. 23, at 2 P. M. Pastor, elders, superintendents and delegates will please be on hand punctually. Brethren of other Classes are also cordially invited.

CYRUS COIT,  
D. S. FOUSE,  
JOHN UHLER,  
Committee.

**THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.**

The Session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., will be resumed on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Seminary and College commence on the same day; the opening address to be delivered by Prof. John B. Kieffer.

E. V. GERHART, *Pres't of Faculty*.

**FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, LANCASTER, PA.**

The Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 4th. Tuition, \$39 per annum. Board, including Furnished Room, Fuel and Light, \$3.25 per week. Terms in the Preparatory Department, \$200 per annum.

For particulars address,  
REV. T. G. APPLE, D. D.,  
President.

**Married.**

On the 10th inst., in Trinity Reformed church, near Millville, Pa., by Rev. J. B. Thompson, Mr. Charles Hartman to Miss Caroline Priester, both of Fairmount, Clarion county, Pa.

On Thursday, 24th ult., at the Reformed parsonage, by Rev. J. B. Thompson, assisted by Rev. T. R. Dietz, Mr. Lewis R. Roter, of Titusville, Pa., to Miss Alice Blanche, daughter of Rev. J. B. Thompson, of Shannondale, Pa.

By Rev. S. F. Laury, on the 17th inst., Mr. Wm. A. Snyder to Miss Alice Jane Markel, both of Manheim, York Co., Pa.

**Obituaries.**

**DEATH OF MRS. DR. C. F. MCCAULEY.**

The sudden death of this estimable lady took place at Cape May Point, on the evening of the 13th inst. At this pleasant sea-shore resort, Dr. McCauley has a cottage, where his family are wont to spend the hot summer months. On the evening of her death, she and her husband strolled along the beach. On their return she felt unwell and asked for a drink of water. She was led into the cottage of a friend, where in a few moments she breathed her last, in the presence of her husband and second daughter. She died at the age of 54 years, 6 months and 27 days. The following day the stricken family brought her remains to their home in Reading, Pa.

Mrs. McCauley, a daughter of Adam and Susanna Hoke, was born in Mercersburg, Pa., on January 17, 1825. There she spent the days of her childhood and youth. In the Reformed congregation of the place she was received into the covenant of grace through the Sacrament of Baptism, and assumed her covenant vows through the rite of confirmation.

On May 2, 1844, she was married to Dr. C. F. McCauley. Eight children, three sons and five daughters, were born to them. The children are all living, the youngest being fourteen years of age. By the blessing of God upon the pious training of their parents, all have been gathered into the Ark of Safety.

Their now sainted mother saw them all bowing at the foot of the cross, and one of her last expressed wishes was, that every member of her family might meet her in heaven.

Mrs. McCauley was well known to many ministers of the Reformed Church. She excelled in acts of hospitality, and took peculiar pleasure to bestow kindness on the clergy, and to welcome them to her home.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, the 19th of August. The services were held in the Second Reformed church, of which her husband is pastor. The procession, which was formed at the house, reached the church shortly after 10 o'clock. A large representation of the ministry of the Reformed Church was present. To these were added the ministers of other denominations of the city. The officers and members of the congregation generally, and the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school joined in the procession, to which were added many friends and citizens. The church was densely packed.

The floral offerings and remembrances were of the most profuse description. Very beautiful crosses, crowns, harps, lyres, hearts, anchors, pillows and pedestals, of pure white flowers, were placed within the chancel rail, and arranged about and upon the casket. The pulpit was heavily draped in black.

The services were opened with a very impressive chant: "It is well; God's ways are always right." Rev. Dr. G. W. Aughubaugh opened with an invocation, after which the clergy arose and repeated in unison the nineteenth Psalm, in which they were led by the Rev. J. W. Steinmetz. The 499th hymn was then announced by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, and sung by the choir. Rev. A. S. Leinbach read the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and the Rev. Dr. G. Wolf followed with prayer. The choir sang as a voluntary, "Nearer my God to Thee." The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. B. Bausman, based upon 1 Thes. iv. 18: "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." After the sermon, the Rev. Dr. T. G. Apple led in prayer. The services were then closed with the hymn, "Jesus lover of my soul," announced by Rev. Dr. J. H. Dubbs. At the close of the services in the church, the remains were conveyed, followed by a long procession, to the Charles Evans cemetery, where they were interred. The services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. H. Mosser.

Besides those named as participating in the services, the other Reformed ministers present were Revs. W. F. P. Davis, F. W. Dechant, C. H. Coon, A. L. Dechant, L. K. Evans, L. D. Leberman, J. O. Johnson, R. S. Appel, M. Peters, T. C. Lienbach, M. L. Fritsch, A. J. Bachman, D. B. Albright, D. U. Wolf, W. M. Reilly, J. P. Stein, S. Schweitzer, D. W. Gerhard and Dr. T. Appel.

The following extract from Dr. Bausman's sermon we take from the *Reading Daily Times and Despatch*.

Mrs. McCauley was the child of Christian parents. From early childhood she was taught lessons of Gospel truth, and trained to habits of practical piety and devotion. At an early age she formally consecrated herself to Christ through the rite of confirmation. In the providence of God she became the wife of a minister of the Gospel. Few persons have any idea of the sphere of a pastor's wife. Her's is a life of constant sacrifice. Often she endures privations and trials which border on the heroic. In the privacy of her home she shares the crushing burdens of her husband. In all his sorrows, she sorrows. With him she joins in festive mirth and dreary discouragements. Every shaft aimed at him hits her heart; his every word weighs upon her soul. Amid the chilling breath of detraction one heart always remains true to him; one human shrine, next to a throne of grace, where he can unburden his heart. She understands his strong and weak qualities. Her trials and triumphs are unseen and unreported by the great world without. The bulk of her work is only known to the eyes of the All-Seeing One. She is a power behind the throne; an invisible sceptre whose gentle sway blesses many a heart. Eternity only can reveal how much of the blessed results of her husband's ministry are owing to her.

Thus during a ministry of thirty-five years—a ministry unusually difficult and laborious—this departed sister has stood by the side of her now stricken husband. In seasons of severe labor she cheered him with her encouraging approval; when dreary clouds of despondency hung over his soul, she reminded him of the smiling sun of hope behind the clouds. When agonizing over the folly of impenitent souls or the faithlessness of the wayward, she helped him to wrestle with God in their behalf. And when grieving over his supposed inefficiency, she pointed him to the unfailing arm of Our Father in heaven.

This, and much more, she did during all these toilsome years of his ministry. In quietness with uncomplaining patience she bore her burdens. For twenty-five years she has been connected with your flock, as the wife of your pastor. Many of you have personally loved and worked with her all these years. In works of charity and religion her heart and hands were ever eager to do and devise for the glory of God. In summer's heat and winter's storm she walked through our streets in quest of the poor and afflicted. Often she visited the hut of poverty alone, where affliction made walking painful to her, and brought comfort to God's poor. All this she did at a sacrifice. I know whereof I affirm when I say, that she deprived herself of not a few comforts in order to relieve the wretched. Possibly sometimes she may have been compassionate at the expense of a discriminating judgment; when her "pity gave ere charity began." But far better fail in that direction than not give at all.

Her death, so sudden and startling, was in one sense peculiarly sad. She was not permitted to breathe her last in the home which she has blessed for so many years. In the stillness of the evening twilight, a stillness only feebly interrupted by the lashing of the sea on the sandy beach, under the peaceful roof of a benevolent friend, the angels of God came and bore her ransomed spirit to the land of the Blest. Her's was a short road out of a world of trial into a world of triumph. This much I feel constrained to say here and now, not to praise the dead but to comfort the living.

A FRIEND.

Note.—Mrs. McCauley's name is Maria, and not Caroline, as given in our last issue.—[Ed.]

DIED.—At his residence in Mt. Pleasant, Benjamin Kemp, Aug. 8th, aged 83 years, 3 months and 20 days.

Father Kemp has been a life-long and consistent member of the Church. For fifty-five years he was a regular communicant. He was always in his place at divine service when able to be there, and always ready to do his duty. For the last three years he was seldom at church, because of the infirmities of age. He was for many years a ruling elder. His children, I am sorry to say, are all members of other denominations. They were brought up with an English education during that unfortunate period in the history of our Church immediately prior to the transition from the German to the English language. They naturally sought a spiritual home, where they could understand the language.

Father Kemp was faithful to the Reformed Church to the last, and died in the hope of a glorious immortality.

**LETTER LIST.**

Apple, S. Ault, Rev J. Ayer, N. W. & Son, (4), Atchison, Mo. W. Arnold, John.

Bookmayer, E. Binkley, H. K. (3), Barber, Rev J. W. Brandt, W. R. Brown, C.

Cort, Rev C. Conkle, M. Clever, Rev C. Crist, J. J. Deatrick, E. R. Dieffenferfer, Rev M. H. Derr, Rev T. Dehnert, J. B. Dieffenbacher, Rev D. S. Everitt, F. H. Engle, Rev W. G.

Fous, Rev D. S.

Good, Rev Dr J. H. Groh, Rev W. H. Gerhart, Dr E. V. Groff, J.

Hottenstein, Rev A. R. Hartzell, G. P. Hoover, J. Hoffmeier, Rev H. W. Hoffman, J. M. Harbaugh, Geo. Huber, Rev T. A. Hammond, D. C. Hassler, Rev J. K. Kremer, Rev A. R. Koons, L. M. Krebs, Rev W. E. King, Rev H. (2).

Leisenring, Trexler & Co, L'ppincott & Co, Lickle, L. V. Landis, A. G. (2).

Maugans, J. H. Miller, D. (2), McCauley, Rev Dr C. F. Miller G. K. Miller, J. W.

Price, I.

Roethrock, Rev D. Reutenik, Rev Dr J. H.

Schrey, G. Snyder, J. F. & H. D. Schiek, Rev J. M. Seabolt, W. Seilhammer, G. Seiple, Rev H. F. S. Sriver, H. W. Shoemaker, Rev D. O. Southworth, Rev F. S. Sikes, Rev N. H.

Tobias, Rev D. C.

Wetzel, F. Wilson, W. F. Worman, Miss H. Wolbach, Rev J. Wentz, J. A. Wilson, J. H.

Yockey, I. H.



## Youth's Department.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To each sweet child, so young and small,  
God sends an angel guide,  
In lowly hut, or castle hall,  
Each little step beside;  
And ever guarding, night and day,  
With tender care, its feeble way.

God doth command this angel kind  
To watch this tiny child,  
And both his body and his soul,  
To shield from dangers wild.  
True to his trust, the angel stays,  
And watches o'er its youthful days.

And when the mother's anxious heart,  
With tender grief is riven,  
The angel takes her tearful prayer,  
And wafts it up to heaven.  
O happy mother! happy child!  
He guards them both, this angel mild.

## DAVID MAYDOLE AND HIS HAMMER.

In one of his lectures, Mr. James Parton tells "how some men have become rich." In connection, he relates the story of the famous American hammer-smith. It proves the frequently-urged lesson that the sure way to prosperity is the honest way—to do everything well—better than anybody else, if you can.

Last winter, in Norwich, a beautiful town near the centre of New York, I went over to David Maydole's manufactory, where one hundred men were employed in making hammers, enough men, you would suppose, to supply the world with hammers. He is one of the most perfect examples of a King of Business I have ever met with in my life. If every king of business were such as he, we should have the millennium the year after next. A plain little man is he, past sixty now, but in the full enjoyment of life, and in the full enjoyment of his work. Upon being introduced to him in his office, not knowing what else to say, and not being aware that there was anything to be said or thought about hammers—having, in fact, taken hammers for granted—I said: "And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes," said he, "I've made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, then," said I, still at a loss for a talk-opener, "you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time."

"No, sir," said he, "I never made a pretty good hammer; I make the best hammer made in the United States."

And so he does; every hammer is made most carefully by hand, and tempered over a slow fire as delicately as Delmonico's cook broils a steak for his pet gourmand. Then a hickory handle is put to it that has been seasoned for two years; and it is a hammer that dare show itself anywhere in the world.

There is thought, and conscience, and good feeling, and high principle, and business sense in it. It speaks its maker's praise wherever it goes, and as long as it lasts, and it will last very long indeed.

He did me the honor to give me one, which has ever since hung conspicuously in my room, admonishing me to work, not fast, nor too much with a showy polish, nor any vain pretence, but as well as I can every time, never letting one thing go till I've done all that was possible to make it what it should be.

Upon our return to the office, after going over the works, he told me his story. It is a representative story. Twenty-nine years ago, when he was a road-side blacksmith, six carpenters came to the village from the next county, to work upon a new church, one of whom, having left his hammer behind, came to the blacksmith's to get one made, there being none in the village store.

"Make me a good one," said the carpenter, "as good a one as you know how."

"But," said the young blacksmith, who had already considered hammers, and had arrived at some notion of what a good hammer ought to be, and had a proper contempt for cheapness in all its forms, "perhaps you don't want to pay for as good a one as I can make."

"Yes, I do; I want a good hammer."

And so David Maydole made a good hammer, the best one, probably, that had ever been made since Tubal Cain, and one that perfectly satisfied the carpenter. The next day the man's five companions came, each of them wanting just such a hammer, and when they were done the employer came and ordered two more.

Next, the storekeeper of the village ordered two dozen, which were bought by a New York tool merchant, who left a standing order for as many such hammers as David Maydole could make. And from that time to this he has gone on making hammers, until now he has one hundred and fifteen men at work. He has never advertised, he has never pushed, he has never borrowed. He has never tried to compete with others in price. He has never reduced a price because other men had done so. His only care has been to make a perfect hammer, to make as many such as people wanted, and no more, and to sell them at a fair price.—*Good Words.*

## A STATUE OF BUDDHA.

A writer in *London Society* says: About a mile from Kamakoura, nestling in a grove of huge trees, is the colossal statue of Buddha, whereto a very pleasant excursion may be taken from Inoshima. Writers on Japan have made this trip so familiar that a description here would be superfluous; but the oldest of Yokohama settlers need never tire of following the well-known route, and "lying off" for an hour or two under the shade of the most wonderful work of art of this art-loving people. Here in the complete solitude, with the murmuring trees on three sides, and the great, calm, serene giant smiling on the fourth, with the beautiful sky above, the jaded merchant or the ardent student of Japanese romance may find his most exacting ideas of peace and quiet realized. Approach not too near the statue, for the Browns, Joneses and Robinsons have cut, chalked, scrawled and painted their names and sentiments over every inch within reach, and sensibilities are likely to be wounded by the presence of such traces of vandalism in so sweet a spot. Go not on a Saturday or Sunday, for picnic parties abound there, and we may be sickened with the sight of a party of half-drunk sailors or low-class tourists, making the day hideous with their shrieks and songs. But get away quietly during the middle of the week; start away from Inoshima in early morning and enjoy the quiet and peace of the place safe from interference, wander about the once-sacred groves, and make the old priest tell the legends attached to the building of the great Buddha.

## THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

Every visitor to Edinburgh Castle remembers the small chapel of Queen Margaret, the oldest in Scotland, with its massive walls still standing. In a tiny volume [Grant's Memorials of Edinburgh Castle, Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh], we find that the Queen's body was taken through a postern on the west, carefully lowered down the steep rocks, and carried to Dunfermline in the woods crossing Queensferry, nine miles distant, where Margaret had granted land for the maintenance of a passage boat. A ponderous block of gray marble marks her grave, before the altar in the abbey. In fifteen hundred and sixty we are told the Abbot brought a richly jeweled casket of gold, containing the Queen's head, to the castle, giving it to some followers of St. Ignatius, who are said to have taken it to Antwerp. It is now with other relics in the Escorial in Spain. Margaret was wife of Malcolm the Third, successor of Macbeth. William Rufus having surprised a Scottish castle and wantonly put the garrison to the sword, his way of declaring war, Malcolm demanded restitution, and laid siege to the castle which had been taken. His Queen with three sons and two daughters took refuge in Edinburgh Castle, while in the depth of a bitter winter her husband and son were far away beyond the Saxon frontier pressing Alnwick so closely that its surrender was hourly looked for. Many tales are told of the queen's piety and goodness.

A mortal illness seized her, and much of her time was spent in prayer for the success of the Scots, and the safe return of those she loved. Her half-barbarous husband is said to have been unable to read the missile sent him by his wife, but he was attached to her. Two days before her death word was brought her of her husband's death. Calling to her her confessor, she committed to him the care of her little ones. The breath was scarcely out of her body before the castle was surrounded by fierce tribes and taken. Her children, however, escaped to England.—*Baltimore Presbyterian.*

## GREENLAND MISSIONARIES AND MARRIAGE-MAKING.

When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, describes the style of courtship as follows: The suitor, coming to the missionary, said: "I should like to have a wife." "Whom?" asked the missionary. The man names the woman. "Hast thou spoken to her?" Sometimes the man will answer: "Yes; but thou knowest womankind." More frequently the answer is: "No." "Why not?" "It is difficult. Girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her." The missionary summons the girl, and, after a little conversation, says: "I think it is time to have thee married." "I won't marry." "What a pity! I had a suitor for thee." "Whom?" The missionary names the man who has sought his aid. "He is good for nothing. Won't have him." "But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider. He throws his harpoon with skill and he loves thee." Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers: "I won't have him." "Well, I won't force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow." The missionary remains silent, as though he understood her "No" to have ended the matter. At last, with a sigh, she whispers: "Just as thou wilt have it." "No," replies the clergyman, "as thou wilt. I'll not persuade thee." Then, with a deep groan, comes "Yes," and it is settled.—*The Methodist.*

## NAMES OF ENGLAND'S MONARCHS.

Commit the following to memory, and you will have at your "tongue's end" the names of the monarchs of England, from the time of the conquest down to the present date:

First William the Norman, then William, his son. Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John.  
Next Henry the third; Edwards, one, two and three;  
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.  
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess;  
Then Jamie, the Scot; then Charles whom they slew;  
Then followed Cromwell, another Charles too.  
Next James, called the second, ascended the throne;  
Then William and Mary together came on,  
Till Annie, Georges four, and fourth William all past,  
God sent them Victoria, the youngest and last.

## USES OF RAIN.

"I don't care if God did make the rain," said Ray Farren, angrily. "I hate rain. I think it's real mean that it has come when I want to play out!"

Ray's mother looked sadly at her little boy without a word. In less than a minute he began again:

"I think you might let me go if it does rain. What harm will the rain do me?"

"It will make you sick, as you were last night," said mamma; "that never will do."

Ray kicked a chair, and stood at the window watching a great dog with a basket tied at his neck, and feeling very unhappy about the rain, when his mother called him.

"Come here, Ray. Here is a little bug that must have come to keep company with you; for it has a water-proof house of its own, and did not need to come in out of the rain."

The little boy looked at his mother's

hand, and saw a pretty red lady-bug, with black spots on its back. But he could not see any water-proof about it; so he asked where it was.

Mrs. Farren made the little beetle open its wings. Then Ray saw that what looked like the horny back of the insect was really a polished sheath, covering the delicate wings and little body, and keeping them dry in the rain.

"Why, Mamma!" said he, "I never knew a lady-bug had wings all shut up like that. Isn't that snug? Why didn't I have something like that so I couldn't take cold in the rain?"

"I don't know dear," said mamma. "If it had been best for you, you would have had it. You don't need it as the little insect does, because I take care of you; and it has to take care of itself, and has many enemies. I want my little boy to see how nicely things are fitted to their use; then I hope he won't grumble about the rain. Suppose you should get your slate, and write as many of the uses of rain as you can think of. If you write ten, I will give you an apple."

Ray did not stop at ten; but when his mother came in with the apple, said: "I've found fifteen, and I think I know another one, too." I do not mean to tell you what they were, because I want each one of the little folks to think them out themselves. See if you can find more than Ray found.—*Well Spring.*

## LITTLE HOME-BODY.

Little Home-body is mother's wee pet,  
Fairest and sweetest of housekeepers yet;  
Up when the Roses in golden light peep,  
Helping her mother to sew and to sweep;  
Tidy and prim in her apron and gown;  
Brightest of eyes, of the bonniest brown;  
Tiniest fingers, and needle so fleet,  
Pattern of womanhood, down at my feet.

Little Home-body is grave and demure,  
Weeps when you speak of the wretched and poor,  
Though she can laugh in the merriest way  
While you are telling a tale that is gay.  
Lily that blooms in some lone leafy nook,  
Sly little hide-away, moss-sided brook;  
Fairies are fine where the silver dews fall;  
Home-fairies—they are the best of them all.

—Our Little People.

## PETRARCH'S WORD.

Petrarch was a poet whose home was in that soft and sunny land called Italy. One day he was summoned to court as a witness on trial. On entering the witness box he prepared to take the usual oath, when the judge, closing the Holy Book, said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Wasn't that a fine compliment to the poet's character? He had always been so careful to speak the truth that his word was considered equal to other men's oaths. Shall we not all seek to be like Petrarch?

## A SPIDER STORY.

One chilly day I was left at home alone; and after I was tired reading "Robinson Crusoe," I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin, and fastened up a stick in it like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run around the stick, and try the other side, and then run back to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think over it. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put treacle on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top, and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned around two or three times. He got excited, and

nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in the wood-shed again.—*Hearth.*

## THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN.

If the Atlantic Ocean were drained, there would be found a range of mountains running about through the middle of it, and another range from Newfoundland to Iceland. The tops of these are two miles below a sailing ship, and the valleys between are in some places fifteen miles deep. The mountains are whitened for miles by tiny, creamy shells, while the deep places are red with color.

## Pleasantries.

"What time does the sun rise these mornings?" "That depends on whose son it is; mine rises at 8 o'clock."

A fellow who fell in love with a school ma'am, called her "Experience," because to him she was a dear teacher.

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again! You must really tell them, Jane, to let the hen sit on them a little longer."

But was it an Irishwoman who, having just one match in the house, lit that before going to bed to ascertain if it would be good in the morning.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis ish a ting dat I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

An old miser, having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said:—"That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving that I've almost a mind to beg."

"When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were then-tred on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the reply.

At a horse fair in Paris. Old gentleman (looking at very bob-tailed horse): "Bless me! how very short they have cut his tail." Attendant: "His master is a member of the Society for the Protection of Animals. In this fashion he will not annoy the poor flies."

A little daughter of a Connecticut clergyman was left to "tend door," and, obeying the summons of the bell, she found a gentleman on the steps, who wished to see her father. "Father isn't in," said she; "but if it's anything about your soul, I can attend to you. I know the whole plan of salvation."

A gentleman who once called at Charles Sumner's rooms in Washington was told by his young negro servant: "Massa Sumner, he gone to de Senate to make him speech." "What speech?" asked the gentleman, in surprise. "Why dat ar speech he's been hollering out in bed ebery morning dese free weeks."

The exasperated *New Haven Register* says: "An odorous perfume wafts across Connecticut every time there is a clambake in Rhode Island and an east wind blowing. If that little finger of a State can't keep its savory smells at home, a delegation will be sent down to roof it in or else eat up the clams."

A store was broken into one night; but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his boast of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor. "The robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high they couldn't afford to take them."



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## General News.

## HOME.

Lack of funds to carry it on has compelled Archbishop Purcell to close the diocesan Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West for one year at least. There is besides, he says, no pressing need of priests for the missions of the diocese.

The Congregational Union reports receipts of \$27,603 the past year, with which thirty-one congregations were assisted in erecting buildings. During its existence the union has helped one third of all the Congregational churches in this country.

Nineteen new cases of yellow fever and eight deaths were reported in Memphis on Sunday. During a storm on Saturday night a frame building, containing Mrs. Hollis and two children, all sick of fever, was blown down, and Mrs. Hollis is expected to die from the effects of exposure. Several new cases of fever have appeared at points a short distance from Memphis.

The old buildings at Randolph Macon College, in Mecklenburg county, Va., have been purchased, under the auspices of Dr. Charles Cullis and others of Boston. It is proposed to conduct an educational institution for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the colored people, on the faith principle, as adopted by George Müller, of Bristol, England, in his Orphanage, and by Dr. Cullis in his home for invalids—pronounced incurable by the medical profession.

In the Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, comprising the city of Philadelphia and the counties of Delaware, Chester, and Bucks, there are 201 ministers and 22,387 members. The Presbyterians in the same territory have 232 ministers and 34,483 members. Thus each Episcopal minister has under his charge a fraction over 111 members, and Presbyterian ministers a fraction under 150. But in both Churches a number of the clergy are not pastors, and these figures do not represent the actual state of things.

A missionary among the Seneca Indians in Northern New York writes to the *Christian Advocate* to say that there are still pagans in the tribe who burn the white dog as a sacrifice every year. He gives a conversation held with one of those pagans which, with very slight modifications, reads very much like what white pagans, nominally called Christians, would say. The Indian acknowledged himself a sinner, but denied that he had anything to do with the killing of the Saviour, which transaction took place hundreds of years ago, as the missionaries told him, and, when pressed for immediate action towards Christianity, this pagan coolly answered that he would think it over.

The excitement in San Francisco growing out of the shooting of Rev. Isaac S. Kallach, the Working Men's candidate for Mayor, by Charles De Young, one of the proprietors of the *Chronicle*, on Saturday morning, had subsided on Sunday and there was no indication of any further trouble, unless something unforeseen should occur. The causes which led to the affair are these: After Kallach's nomination for Mayor by the Working Men, the *Chronicle*, which is the organ of the "Honorable Bilks" party, attacked him without measure, and republished, among other things, the story of his "unsavory" record in Boston, many years ago. Not content with this, the *Chronicle* attacked the reputation of his dead father, who was also a minister. Kallach retorted on the De Youngs, in a speech at a public meeting of Working Men, on Friday night, by assailing the reputation of their aged mother, and promising to republish in the *Open Letter*, an infamous article against her and them from a disreputable paper, which had a brief existence in San Francisco five years ago. On Saturday morning Charles De Young drove in a coupe to the Metropolitan Church, sent a message to the minister that a gentleman wished to see him, and when Kallach reached the door of the vehicle, fired at him twice. One bullet penetrated Kallach's lung, the other struck him in the thigh, inflicting serious wounds. The carriage containing De Young was then about to drive away when a crowd gathered and overturned the vehicle. They assaulted De Young and a policeman, and attempted to lynch the former, but two other policemen coming up, rescued him from the mob, and he was placed in the police station at the City Hall. The news of the shooting caused intense excitement among the Working Men throughout the city, and for several hours a serious riot was threatened, but the militia were got ready for the emergency, and this fact, with the moderate counsels of some of the leaders of the Working Men, expressed at a Sand Lot meeting, prevented a riot. A demonstration, however, was made upon the *Chronicle* office, and H. De Young, brother of Charles, was locked up, at his own request, in the station house with his brother. In reply to a telegram from General McComb, commanding the State troops in San Francisco, Secretary McCrary telegraphed to Colonel McAllister, commanding the Benicia Arsenal, authorizing him to issue 50,000 cartridges to the State of California. Dennis Kearney, who was in Vallejo, was telegraphed to, and arrived in San Francisco on Saturday evening. He addressed a Sand Lot meeting yesterday afternoon, counseling his hearers against violence, and predicting a victory for their party at the coming election, after which De Young should be punished. A son of Rev. Mr. Kallach also addressed the meeting and advised that the law be allowed to take its course. Mr. Kallach remained in a critical condition, last night, but his physicians had some hope of his recovery. Meetings of Working Men, to express sympathy for Kallach and denounce his antagonists, were held yesterday in New York and Chicago.

## FOREIGN.

Paris, August 24.—Mr. Bartholdy's colossal statue of Liberty, for New York harbor, is making rapid progress towards completion. The public will shortly be permitted to visit its interior.

London, Aug. 25.—The correspondent of the *Standard* at Rome says the Czar has written to the Pope, declaring his readiness to make peace with the Catholic Church in Poland. The Sultan has also written, stating his desire to give the Catholic Church full liberty in his dominions.

The Protestant missionaries of Yokohama and Tokio have addressed a memorial to the Japanese Government asking for a modification of the Passport laws. As it is now, any missionary or other foreigner must procure a passport for every journey, and in case the

trip is interrupted he must get a new passport on resuming it. The memorialists ask for yearly passports to the Empire.

The final decision of the German Government on the religious questions at issue with the Vatican has been communicated to the latter. It is that all of the exiled clergy who ask permission will be allowed to return to Germany; the May laws will be tacitly suspended, provided the clergy obey the common law; and all fresh nominations are to be submitted to the Government. The Pope is satisfied with these terms.

London, August 24.—A Rome despatch to Reuter's Telegram Company reports that four Cardinals will be created at the Consistory, to be held next month. Mgr. Masella is expected at the Vatican on Monday, with an autograph letter from the King of Bavaria and important documents concerning the relations between Germany and the Vatican, and the position of the old Catholics. The Vatican has taken special steps with several Governments to prevent any judicial recognition of the old Catholics. It is understood that its representations in this respect have been favorably entertained.

## Farm and Garden.

LIMA BEANS.—Moore's *Rural* chronicles the successful result during the past year of an experiment which is not new—cultivating Lima beans without poles, by simply pinching off the ends as soon as they show a disposition to vine. This caused the plants to assume the form of a thick-set bush, and they were "nearly as productive as when allowed to climb as nature designed."

CHICKEN CHOLERA, LICE, ETC.—An equal amount of corn and meal pulverized alum, mixed and placed in the yard, will be eaten by the chickens afflicted with cholera, to their great benefit; also, dissolved alum for drink. They will not eat nor drink readily, but will, as a last resort, before famishing. Put a tablespoonful of sulphur in the nest as soon as the hens or turkeys are set. The heat of the fowls cause the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate every part of their bodies: every louse is killed, and, as all nits are hatched within ten days, when the mother leaves her nest with the brood she is perfectly free from nits and lice. A correspondent of a foreign exchange says that the only reliable means of ridding the hen-roost and pigeon-loft of vermin is a preparation of sulphur and carbon, technically known as sulphur of carbon. In France it has been thoroughly tested, and we are assured that it works like a charm. It kills the insects which prey upon pigeons and fowls, without injuring the birds. A bottle containing the solution will last several days, and the cost of it is small. Put two ounces of the sulphuretted carbon in a bottle open at the mouth and hang by a string in the hen-house. At the end of eight days the bottle should be refilled. The remedy is said to be infallible. If as good as claimed to be, it should be known to every farmer's wife and poultry-raiser in the land.—*American Poultry Yard*.

THE PROFITS OF FARMING.—It is now estimated that the wheat crop of Indiana for this year will be from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels, and will bring into the State and add to its invested wealth from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000. No such sum has ever been added to the wealth of a State with as little risk or as great profit upon the capital and labor invested. It is not an unusual or exceptional thing for the product to be equal to one-half the value of the soil that produced it. Thousands of acres of land in the State have, in two years, produced wheat equal in value to the land producing it. The product of corn has been very little behind that of wheat in point of profit. This, of course, is not a common or even an average result, taking one year with another. The past three years have been favored years with the farmers, and the farmer who has not done well during that period may reasonably conclude that there is something wrong in his case demanding investigation. We make no reference here to indebtedness and embarrassment from that cause, under which thousands of farmers are laboring in common with all other classes. Such indebtedness in nine cases out of ten is the result of some other causes than following their agricultural pursuit. Considering, therefore, the profit of the business as it is pursued by the average Western farmer, what may it be made when, by diligent research and experience, it is brought to that degree of perfection which has been attained in England and in some of the New England States?—*Indianapolis Journal*.

## Acknowledgments.

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Received per Isaac G. Gerhart, Treasurer of Tobikon Classis, from Rev. R. L. Gerhart, Riegelsville, \$20.20; Rev. J. Kelm, Indian Creek, \$11.63; and Rev. A. B. Koplin, Lower Saucon, \$25, and paid over to beneficiary of Classis  
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## THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 23, 1879.	
[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
Flour, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$2.50@2.75
" Extra Family.....	4.75@5.00
" Fancy.....	5.00@5.50
Rye.....	3.25@3.50
Corn meal.....	2.50@2.60
Buckwheat meal.....	1.10@1.30
GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.10@1.10 1/2
" Red.....	1.05@1.09
Rye.....	55@60 1/2
Corn, Yellow.....	48 1/2@49
" White.....	42@43
Oats.....	34@35
Barley two rowed.....	60@65
Barley Malt, two rowed.....	80@90
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	6 1/2@6 3/4
" Refined cut loaf.....	8 1/2@9
" " powdered.....	8 1/2@9
" " granulated.....	8 1/2@9 1/2
" " A.....	8 1/2@8 3/4
Coffee, Rio.....	14 1/2@15 1/2
" Maracaibo.....	13@20
" Laguayra.....	14 1/2@15 1/2
" Java.....	23@24 1/2
PROVISIONS, MESS Pork.....	9.50@10.00
Dried Beef.....	14@14 1/2
Sugar cured Ham.....	10@11
Lard.....	5 1/2@6 1/2
Butter, Roll extra.....	11@12
Butter, Roll Common.....	9@10
" Prints, extra.....	2 1/2@2 3/4
" " Common.....	1 1/2@1 3/4
" Grease.....	5@6
Eggs.....	13@14 1/2

SEEDS, Clover, per 100 lbs.....	6.75@7.50
Timothy per bushel.....	1.80@1.90
Flax.....	1.35@1.40
PLASTER, White.....	2.00@3.25
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—*Rural Gazette*, Flatbush, L. I., N. Y.

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